

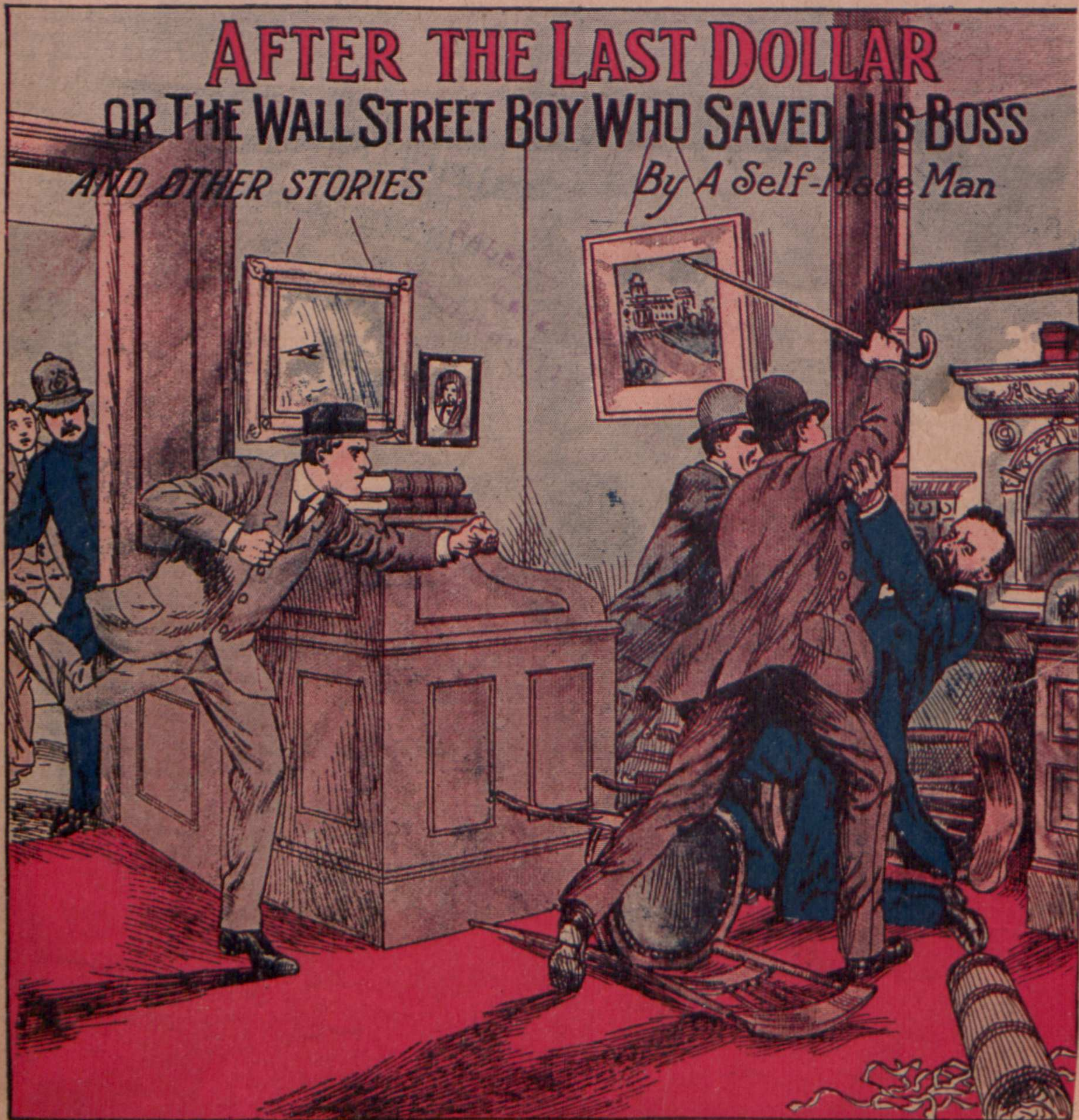
FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

AFTER THE LAST DOLLAR OR THE WALL STREET BOY WHO SAVED HIS BOSS

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



"Help! Help!" cried Broker Tate, struggling desperately to escape from the attack made upon him by his two enemies. "Do you mean to kill me?" Ned heard the rumpus in the private room and, flinging open the door, rushed in.

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BROOK STREET, ROUTE 44
LAWRENCE, MASS.
MAGAZINES AND NOVELS

FEB 24 1923

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry D. Wolff, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 783.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1920.

Price 7 Cents

AFTER THE LAST DOLLAR

Or, THE WALL STREET BOY WHO SAVED HIS BOSS

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—A Trip to Barnegat.

"Ned," said Broker Tate, beaming at his messenger, who had entered his private room in answer to his ring, "how would you like a week's vacation?"

"A week's vacation, sir?" exclaimed Ned Deering, in surprise.

"Strikes you as odd that I should suggest such a thing at this time of the year, eh?" said the broker, with an encouraging smile.

"Somewhat, sir," replied the boy, wondering what was on the tapis.

"The market has been decidedly off this week and I see no prospect of an immediate reaction. Business in consequence is slack, particularly so with me, and it is likely to remain in the dumps for another week. I have decided to take a short vacation. A couple of brokers and myself have arranged to go shooting down along the Barnegat Inlet. How would you like to go with us?"

"First-rate, sir!" exclaimed Ned, delighted at the invitation.

"Well, to-morrow being Saturday and the end of the week, we shall take an early afternoon train down to Barnegat village. Come in the morning prepared for a week's outing, and don't wear your best clothes. A small hand-bag will hold all the things you need bring with you. That will be all now," and the broker turned to his desk.

Ned returned to his post outside, his mind filled with pleasurable anticipation of the trip in prospect. In a little while the cashier called on him to carry a note to a customer on Broadway, and he started off. On his way back he met his particular friend Bob Black.

"Hello, Bob! Don't you wish you were in my shoes?"

"No; they might be too small for me and pinch my feet," laughed Bob.

"I mean metaphorically speaking."

"Metaphorically speaking is good. What's in the wind with you now?"

"I start on a week's vacation to-morrow."

"What! At this time of the year?"

"I'm going down to Barnegat Inlet with a shooting party, consisting of my boss and two other brokers."

"You're right in it, aren't you? How came you to get the invite?"

"Mr. Tate thinks I need a little relaxation."

"He does, eh? I wish my boss thought the same way. I wouldn't mind having a week off myself. The office wouldn't lose much if I were away, for there isn't a whole lot doing in the Street since the market slipped a cog a week ago."

"Yes, it would be fine if your boss was one of the party and brought you along."

"He would be apt to do that—not. You are pretty solid with your employer."

"I always have stood well with him since I entered the office. He appreciates the fact that I am a gilt-edged office boy, so you see that strict attention to business, like virtue, brings its own reward."

"It appears to in your case, but in mine I've seen no indications of the fact so far."

"Oh, it's coming!"

"So is Decoration Day and the Fourth of July. Well, I hope you'll have a good time."

"If I don't it won't be my fault."

Bob lived in Brooklyn, and when he got home at his usual time he surprised his mother with the news of the intended trip to Barnegat.

"I suppose you haven't any objection to my going?" he said.

"No; but take good care of yourself," said his mother.

"I'll do that, all right. You may expect me to bring you home a bunch of game, which will economize on the butcher for a few days."

When he started for business next morning he carried a small grip with him. At one o'clock he left the office with his employer and they met the other two brokers at a Beaver street restaurant, where they had lunch. The guns and bags of the gentlemen had been forwarded to the railroad station in advance and checked to the village of Barnegat, over the Central Railroad of New Jersey. From the restaurant they went direct to the ferry, crossed the river to Jersey City and took the train. In due time they alighted at the village station and proceeded to the inn called the Sportsmen's Roost, where they were expected, as one of the gentlemen who had been down there the preceding year had telegraphed the landlord ahead. The inn was a quaint-looking building and looked quite pleasant and homelike to Ned. The main room was provided with a bar, several tables with chairs, and the floor was sanded with a fine white product from the beach of the near-by bay.

While waiting for supper, Ned got into conversation with a red-headed boy who was a kind of general helper at the place.

"Come down to hunt and fish, eh?" said the boy, who had carried the sporting paraphernalia of the brokers to their rooms.

"Yes," said Ned. "Plenty of game down here, I guess."

"I get you!" grinned the boy. "The woods are full of rabbits and squirrels, and there's loads of quail along the inner shore of the bay."

"How about ducks?"

"You'll find 'em on the bay, but there ain't so many now as in the fall and winter. They ain't easy to kill, 'cause they're shy."

"I heard my boss say there were partridges and ruffed grouse in plenty."

"Yep."

"What kind of fishing in the bay?"

The red-haired boy, whose name was Mike Flynn, mentioned the varieties that made that locality their feeding-ground. Then he began asking questions himself.

"You're from New York?" he said.

"Yes; I live in the Borough of Brooklyn and work in Wall street. Mr. Tate, the elder of the three gentlemen I came with, is my boss."

"He's a stock broker?"

"Sure; they're all stock brokers."

"A good many brokers come down here, off and on, in the winter to shoot, and in the summer to fish. They have lots of money. I'm always sure of good tips when they come."

"Have you always lived around here?" asked Ned.

"Yep. My old man is a fisherman. He has a house along the inner shore of the bay. He doesn't do much in winter except lie around the tavern at the end of the street and smoke, drink and chin with his pals."

"You're the boy-of-all-work here?"

"Yep. What do you do in Wall Street?"

Ned gave him an outline of his duties.

"When do you go to work?"

"I reach the office a little before nine and quit between half-past three and four, as a rule."

"You have a snap. What pay do you get?"

Ned told him.

"I have to get up at five in the summer and six in the winter and work till we close up, which is anywhere from nine to eleven, and sometimes twelve in summer, when the visitors like to sit out in front and smoke and talk. They always want a night-cap before they turn in, but the boss attends to that. I only get \$2 and my keep. I've often had a mind to run away to New York, but my old man, who collects my pay, said he'd follow me and break my neck if I did. Some day I'll do it, anyhow, and chance his findin' me."

At this point Ned was called in to supper. There were no other guests at the time, and the four had the dining room to themselves. They were waited on by a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl, who Ned subsequently found out was the landlord's niece. The missus of the house attended to the cooking, and her reputation in that line brought custom to the house. Ned thought he never ate as good a supper, and the brokers were loud in their praises of her viands. After the meal the party adjourned to the public room and gathered about the big stove in the center of the room, for the air outside was quite cold, and a keen wind blew in from the ocean, less than two miles away. When Ned went to his room to turn in the wind had increased to a small gale,

and rattled the window sashes as though they were a pair of castanets. He tried to peer out, but it was so dark that his face was reflected back in the ebony panes.

"I wonder if there's going to be a storm?" he asked himself. "The sky is as black as ink, and the wind seems to be increasing in force. If it's coming, better to have it out between this and to-morrow night, for there won't be anything doing to-morrow, and then we're likely to have fair weather all next week."

He undressed, tumbled into bed, and lay for some time listening to the boisterous voice of nature. Then he drifted into the land of slumber.

CHAPTER II.—Ned's Dream—the Daguerreotype.

Is it any wonder that Ned's sleep was visited by strange dreams? He thought he was walking along the ocean shore alone. The night was as black as pitch and a tremendous storm was sending the waves booming on the shore. Suddenly out of the darkness behind him leaped a powerful man of savage aspect, with what Ned at first thought was a lantern. As he strode to the water's edge and raised it aloft, Ned saw it was not a lantern, but a grinning white skull impaled on a short stick. The eyes, nose and mouth-holes emitted a lurid red gleam, but as the man swung it around his head the whole skull assumed a phosphorescent glow until it shone like a clear white light. Then the man held it stationary as high as he could reach. Ned gazed at him in spellbound wonder. He could not grasp the meaning of the weird picture.

In a few minutes a glow appeared a short distance off on the agitated ocean. It revealed a full rigged ship, close hauled under almost bare poles, heading diagonally for the shore. Instinctively the thought struck Ned that the vessel was rushing to destruction, and that the man was luring her on by a false light. His natural impulse was to spring at the man and tear the ghastly false beacon from his iron grip, but he felt he could not move an inch. Some power which he could not comprehend held him rooted to the spot, and he could only gaze on the impending catastrophe as if he formed no part of the scene himself. On came the ship, the foam spurting from her prow, until the boy could see men and a woman or two on her quarter-deck, and other men hanging to the rigging forward. Then the glow which threw her into the foreground of the storm suddenly went out and vanished like magic. Presently above the howling of the storm came a terrible crash. Cries and screams of distress were borne to his ears on the wings of the wind. Lesser crashes followed, and then with a horrible laugh of unholy joy the man on the shore flung down the skull light and intense darkness ensued. Like the shifting of a moving picture, or the rising of an invisible curtain on a new scene, Ned found himself gazing upon sea and shore in the gray light of early dawn. The sky was covered with dark, flying scud, and the heaving waters were dotted with evidences of a recent wreck. The beach, too, was alive with stranded flotsam—planks, spars, bits of cordage, casks and the lighter portions of a

vessel's cargo. Passing swiftly from point to point, he saw the powerful man of savage aspect, with a lantern in his hand, which he flashed upon each object of importance. Ned, without actually moving, kept pace with him.

Lying on its side, a ship's boat lay across the man's path. He stopped and looked down at it. As he did so a young man, with a face of singular sweetness, across whose brow was a gash, rose up with difficulty and staggered out on the sand. In his hand he held a box, the weight of which clearly taxed his strength. The man with the sinister face made a grab for the box. The young man drew back with a look of remonstrance. Then the wrecker struck him a fearful blow with his disengaged fist. His victim fell like an ox hit in the shambles, and the box dropped on the sand. The scoundrel gazed cautiously around the shore, and his awful eyes rested for an instant on Ned's face, at least the boy could feel his wicked look piercing him through and through, and yet the fellow took no more notice of him than if he did not exist. Turning back to his victim, he felt of his heart, then raised him with ease and flung his body into the boiling surf. Snatching up the box, he weighted it, with a look of intense satisfaction. After another look around the deserted shore he made a dash for the bushes and disappeared. Ned, like a disembodied spirit, followed his movements till they led him to a great gnarled tree on the edge of marshy ground. It had been struck by lightning and was dead. A yard from the ground was a jagged hole showing that the interior of the tree was hollow. The man shoved the box through the hole and dropped it, then walked rapidly back to the shore. Again the scene shifted, but the dead tree had been photographed on Ned's mind. What he looked on now was a surging crowd of rough men bearing a big man in their arms. They carried him to a rude hut and laid him on a cheap bed. Ned knew by instinct that the man was the wrecker who had lured the vessel to destruction and afterward killed and robbed the sole survivor of the wreck. He knew also that he was dead—had met his fate in some way on the beach. As the men stood about in groups, talking, a roughly dressed woman came and threw herself on the body of the man with every sign of grief. Then the scene faded and Ned slept calmly until awakened by a pounding on his door, and he heard the voice of Mike Flynn outside telling him that it was nine o'clock and that the gentlemen were already downstairs. As Ned sprang out of bed his dream flashed across his recollection as clear and distinct as a picture, and he stood for some moments staring straight ahead as if looking at some object in the distance.

"Gee! what a dream that was!" he ejaculated. "Just as natural as life. Such a thing as that couldn't happen nowadays, for the beach is regularly patrolled by the lifesavers, who are reading anything just like that, though I've perused stories about wreckers who did pretty tough things alongshore after a wreck. That dream appears just like a real incident that happened before my eyes. If I didn't know it was a dream I'd swear it was a fact. Why, I can see that rascal's face now as clearly as I ever saw anything in my life. If I saw him in real life I'd recognize him in an instant, but as I saw him

as a corpse there isn't much danger of my ever seeing his reproduction. And the young man who was struck down and robbed of the box! He was a fine chap and I'd know him again, too. Then that tree. I could pick it out of a thousand dead trees. I can almost see it standing before me at this moment."

Ned went to the window and looked out. The sky was still overcast, but the gale had almost blown itself out. There would be no storm, after all, and that was a pleasing reflection, for Ned didn't want to be cooped up in the inn all day. He wanted to walk to the beach and stroll along a portion of Barnegat's shore, so he could say he had been there and trodden the shore once famous for its many sea tragedies. Ned dressed himself and appeared in the public room at the moment that the landlord entered to announce that breakfast was on the table. The breakfast was as appetizing as the supper, and all enjoyed it. When it was nearly over Ned brought up his dream and told it. The brokers listened to it with interested attention, and then one of them asked him if he had ever read much fiction dealing with lost ships and wreckers. Ned admitted that he had read considerable, both relating to Barnegat beach and elsewhere. The traders seemed to think that therein lay the explanation of his vision. The brokers rose from the table and Ned followed suit. He strolled out into the barroom and began to look at a number of curios that were hung up behind the bar—odd reminders of wrecks that had come from the beach. Flynn was filling a bottle with whisky from a copper can.

"You have quite a bunch of curiosities, I see!" said Ned.

"Yep. The old man got them when he bought the inn. They've been hanging behind the bar for the last fifty years."

"Fifty years!" cried Ned. "Is the house as old as that?"

"Older."

"It doesn't look it."

"Oh, it's got a new front and a couple of new additions. It doesn't look anything like it did when it was built. It was only a small place then. Not much bigger than the barroom with a story above."

"Those articles are souvenirs of wrecks?"

"Yep. See that round piece of wood with the iron ring around the end of it?"

"Yes."

"That's part of the spar that killed Will Watterley, the wrecker, fifty years ago."

"Is that so?" said Ned.

"That's so, sonny," said a voice behind him.

Ned turned and saw Silas Hooper, the innkeeper, standing at his elbow.

"It was a broken spar, about fifteen feet long, that laid him out as stiff as a coffin-nail, and that's the end of it that did the business. That ring took him square on the temple as he was bending over a keg that had rolled onto the beach a moment before, and finished him quicker than you could whisper Jack Robinson. It happened on the morning after a stiff gale which drove a vessel called the Esmeralda ashore a total loss with all hands, including several passengers; and now that I remember it, to-day is the anniversary of the wreck. No one ever knew, unless it might have been Watterley himself, who was

always roaming the shore, like an uneasy spirit, whenever a gale was on, when the vessel struck. The news of the wreck reached the village an hour or so after daybreak, and there was a rush for the beach. They were not surprised to find Watterley busily raking in whatever was worth hooking. Soon after the crowd arrived that spar shot out of the sea, like a projectile from a gun, and Watterley never done any more wrecking after that."

"What sort of a fellow was he?" asked Ned curiously.

"A holy terror. A regular giant of a man, with a wicked face. He wasn't popular, because everybody was afraid of him. Want to see his mug?"

"What do you mean?"

"I've got a picture of him—a daguerreotype that was taken a few weeks before his death. It's a perfect likeness of him, I've been told."

"Yes, I'd like to see it," said Ned, with a strange feeling of expectation.

"Mike, hand out Watterley's picture. It lies on the shelf behind the spar."

Mike reached up and took down an old-fashioned object about three inches square, made of some kind of stiff material, with hinges on the back and a clasp at the other end. The innkeeper opened it and handed it to Ned. The boy looked at the full-length figure of the man photographed on metal, as was the style in those days, and gave a gasp. It was the picture of the scoundrel of his dream.

CHAPTER III.—Ned Makes Inquiries.

"So that's Will Watterley?" said Ned.

The innkeeper nodded.

"The rascal who lured the ship *Esmeralda* ashore."

"I didn't say that he did. Nobody ever accused his memory of such an act. I will allow, though, that he was suspected of occasionally setting false lights alongshore in a storm when the beach was deserted, but it was never proved against him. The *Esmeralda* missed her bearings, like many another craft in those days, and drove ashore in the gale. He got the first pickings because he was the first on the ground."

Ned handed the daguerreotype back.

"Do you take much stock in dreams, Mr. Hooper?" he said.

"I won't say that I do, and I won't say that I don't," said the innkeeper noncommittally. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I had a peculiar one last night."

"Did you? What was it about?"

"The *Esmeralda*, if I'm not mistaken, and—Will Watterley."

The proprietor stared at Ned.

"That's singular, I'll admit, for some time between midnight and daylight, on this day fifty years ago, the *Esmeralda* was lost. Let me hear your dream."

Ned told it exactly as it had passed before him, but with the omission of the part in which the dead tree figured, which he had also omitted when he rehearsed his dream to the brokers at the breakfast table. Just why he reserved this part of his story he could not exactly tell him-

self, for he had not the faintest idea that he would ever see that tree, particularly when he had learned that fifty years had elapsed since the wrecker dropped the box into its hollow insides. It could scarcely be standing at that late day, and the secret it held was doubtless buried among its decayed roots. When Ned finished his story, Hooper ejaculated the one word, "Remarkable!"

"It certainly is peculiar that I should have such a dream, and that the chief figure in it should be this Will Watterley—a man who died long before I was born, but whose face I recognized the moment I looked at it," said Ned.

"Yes, it is most astonishing. I'll allow there is something in dreams sometimes. There isn't any way that I can account for that one of yours. It may be that you have a sort of second sight and don't know it. If it wasn't for the fact that you say that you actually saw the original of that daguerreotype in your dream, I wouldn't place any particular significance in your vision. But as the case stands, I'll allow that Watterley might have been responsible for the loss of the ship. If he was, he didn't gain anything by it, for retributive justice, in the shape of the broken spar, put a speedy end to his career on the very spot where his crime was committed."

"It would seem so," said Ned.

"Well, there isn't much use of talking about it now. Fifty years is a long time to hark back. Everybody connected with that wreck is dead and moldering long ago. I was only a little shaver of five at that time and, of course, I don't remember anything about it, though I heard the story of the wreck and Watterley's death seven or eight years afterward."

"Was that iron box ever found?" asked Ned.

"You mean the one you dreamed Watterley took from the only person who reached the shore from the wreck? I never heard that such a box had been found among Watterley's possessions. His wife sold the house they lived in to some fisherman and left the neighborhood for good. Had she carried such a box away with her people would have noticed it or, again, they might not. He might have hidden it until he had the chance to look it up on the sly. As he turned up his toes soon afterward the chance never came, and it may be hidden somewhere in the bushes along the ocean shore to this day," said the landlord. At that moment the three brokers who had been taking a short walk outside came into the room and the innkeeper went over to look at the fire in the stove. Ned walked over to one of the front windows and looked out on the main street of the ancient village. There were stores strung along on the opposite side, but they were closed up. A number of the male inhabitants were walking briskly along, singly and in pairs, and a couple of dogs were gamboling in the center of the street. Glancing upward, Ned could see patches of the blue sky behind the clouds, and the promise was for a clear afternoon. Mike Flynn finished behind the bar and went into the yard. Ned followed him there, for he naturally preferred company of his own years. Mike appeared at the kitchen door with a pan of potatoes given him to peel. He sat down on a box and proceeded to get busy. Ned joined him.

"Say, that was a great dream of yours," said Mike, when Ned came up.

"I think it was a most remarkable one," replied the Wall Street boy.

"You recognized that picture right away. I saw you give a start the moment you clapped your eyes on it."

"I couldn't help it, though I had a feeling beforehand, from what the landlord said about Watterley, that I would see the rascal of my dream."

After dinner he and Mike took a walk to the bay shore, where Ned hired a boatman to carry them across to the long, thin line of beach that formed the ocean side of the bay. This was where many a wreck had occurred in times past. They walked down the shore for two or three miles, then returned and spent a little while around Seaside Park, which was bleak and deserted almost at this season. As the afternoon drew to a close they walked across the railroad bridge to the main shore and returned to the inn.

CHAPTER IV.—The Finding of the Box.

Next morning the party started out on their first hunting trip and did not get back till after dark. The three brokers enjoyed every moment of the time, while Ned managed to extract considerable pleasure out of it, too. Mike looked on it as part of his regular duties and helped Ned carry the game that was shot. This was turned over to the missus of the inn, who prepared a part of it for breakfast, and the rest was eaten at dinner when they got back from the second day's sport. Although half of the week was put in about the marshes of Cedar Creek, and Ned, when the party was down there, kept his eyes skinned for the dead tree, he saw nothing that anywise resembled the blasted tree of his dream.

Saturday morning came, with a dull, leaden sky and a chill wind from the southeast. This was the last day of their stay and the program decided on was to get back to the inn around four, eat a good dinner, and return to New York on the night train, with the game they had secured during the last three days, which had been kept in cold storage for them. Mike took them in an entirely new direction that morning, and the results were uncommonly good. Ned carried only the game he shot himself, and the brokers carried a portion of theirs, the balance being turned over to Mike. When they stopped at noon to eat the light lunch they had brought along, they had secured about as much game already as on any other full day. The shooting was so good that the brokers didn't want to give it up even if they had to abandon a part of their prizes. It was the fun of shooting they wanted; not the results. They came upon a branch of the creek shortly after they started on again, and here they found an old flatboat, half full of water. Mike suggested that they free it of water and leave their game in it till they came back. No objection was offered to this.

The boat was pulled out, turned over, and floated again. As it did not appear to be leaky, the game was thrown into it and the brokers, one after the other, with Mike in advance, with the

dogs, disappeared into the bushes. Ned delayed to straighten out the game a bit, and while he was doing it the boat was drawn away from the bank by the action of the ebb tide. When he turned around to step on shore he found the boat two or three yards from it. There wasn't a single thing in the boat that he could use for a paddle to get back with, so the only thing he could do was to use his hands. He soon saw that amounted to nothing against the action of the tide. Almost before he knew it he was over twenty feet from the reed-lined bank, and steadily increasing his distance. He could hear the report of the guns in the distance, occasionally, and he shouted loudly to Mike, but his voice did not carry far enough, and he gave it up, trusting to luck, hoping that a swing of the narrow stream would throw him close enough to solid ground to enable him to land. No such thing happened, however, and he kept on toward the creek proper, which would carry him into the bay. The sky grew more leaden-hued and threatening. The southeast wind grew a bit in weight, though he didn't notice it on account of the dense mass of waving reeds and marshy vegetation around him. As he sailed along he did not know the peril he was running into.

Once the unmanageable craft slipped into the creek, any lingering chance of grounding somewhere along his present course would be gone, and he could not prevent the boat from being drawn into the bay and across it to a narrow inlet communicating with the ocean. The tide then would draw him out to sea, and with rough weather in sight, his finish was almost certainly in sight. Such, however, was not to be Ned's fate. The boat glided around a turn in the stream and ran upon a sandy patch laid almost bare by the receding water. Ned, quick to take advantage of his chance, jumped ashore and made the boat fast to a small tree close by. Then he looked around him to see where he was.

There before him stood the tree of his dreams. He uttered an exclamation of delighted astonishment and unconsciously repeated the words of his second dream, "I've found it at last!"

The scene was exactly like his vision of the night before. The tree had changed to a mere wreck of its former massiveness. The limbs, extending in mute benediction, were broken partly off, while the trunk was partially lost in a maze of rank undergrowth that completely hid the hole in which Ned had, in spirit, seen the phantom-wrecker hide the box he had robbed the only survivor of the *Esmeralda* of. But there was no doubt in the boy's mind as to its identity.

"This is no dream now!" he cried, as he rushed forward. "This is a living fact, and if the box is still there I shall find it."

As he reached forward to part the grass, his foot caught in an exposed root and he pitched with some force against the tree. The hoary wreck of a former giant was on its last legs and the shock was more than it could stand. It split in two and the upper section fell back into the tangled vegetation with hardly a sound, so light was it in its rottenness. Ned fell across the hollow stump, which partly crumbled under his weight. When he recovered his feet and looked eagerly down into it, he saw nothing but a mass of rotten wood and yellow dust. Into this he

thrust his arm and felt around. Suddenly his fingers encountered something hard. His blood swished through his veins and his breath came quick and short from suppressed excitement. He pushed this debris aside and fumbled lower down. He soon made out the form of a box.

"It's here—it's here!" he fairly shouted. "My dream was a reproduction of what actually happened here long before I was born."

His fingers encountered the handle of the box. He raised it up on end, and then exerting his strength, raised it out of its dusty bed, where it had lain fifty years and a week exactly. To drag it out and carry it to the patch of sand close by was the work of but a few moments. Then he knelt down and looked at the relic which had cost a young man his life. It was made not of iron but of copper, and had a fancy lock, which was filled with dust and dirt. Its weight indicated that it probably held coined money. Ned lifted the box and placed it in the boat. Then the problem occurred to him how was he to work himself back the way he had come? He must have a paddle to force the boat against the current. Where was he to get such a thing on that lone spit of sand? Looking around, he spied a broken oar peeping out of the grass.

"Ha! Fate is kind to me again. I guess that will answer. At any rate, it will have to."

He took possession of it, and leaping into the boat, shoved off and began to push the flatboat against the stream.

CHAPTER V.—The House on the Marsh's Edge.

He found, however, that the boat being flat at both ends, and extremely unwieldy, was ill-adapted to be worked against the tide with only a slight oar blade. His efforts to advance it were futile. He stood up in the stern and tried to push it. It was like trying to start a freight car. The swing of the current caught the front part and pulled it around. Then the boat slipped down with the tide and presently shot into the creek. Fearing that he should be unable to get back to the village in time to get his dinner and catch the train, he worked desperately with the oar to force the boat across the creek, for he now saw that if he got out on the bay he would be unable to do anything. He worked with all his might and succeeded in shoving the boat into the yielding reeds and staying its downward progress. Not far away he saw the roof and upper half-story of a rough house, from the chimney of which issued smoke that was flattened down by the wind.

"There must be solid ground close by," he thought.

Eager to reach it, he shoved the oar down into the ooze and pushed the boat further into the reeds, forcing a way through them. Suddenly the reeds parted and the boat worked its way into a narrow patch of open water. From that place he easily pushed the boat up to the shore close to the house. He could go no further in the lumbering craft, so stepped ashore, jabbed the oar into the sand, and tied the boat to it. He knew he was several miles from the inn—three or four, probably—how was he to make his

way there with the heavy box, without speaking of the game, which was more than a big load of itself? The game would have to be abandoned—there was no help for it. Perhaps if he could describe the place accurately enough the innkeeper would send for it, but he could not do that in time for the party to take it away with them that night.

"I'm afraid it's going to be a terrible job for me to carry this box to the village, but I've got to do it if it takes me all night," he said. "I am sure its contents is valuable, and I couldn't think of leaving it behind me."

He raised it on his shoulder and started ahead. Its weight at the start was such as made him contemplate his task with considerable misgivings.

"I'm afraid I never can do it," he thought. "I must find some place to leave it till I can come back with Mike and get it."

Then something struck him on the hand. It was a large drop of rain. Another followed, and still another.

"It's started in to rain. I'll have to seek shelter at this house, but I hate to do it with this box in my possession. It's sure to attract notice. The people will see that I am a stranger hereabouts and will wonder where I got it and what it contains."

As he hesitated before the house, the door opened and a rough, bearded man looked out, as if at the weather. He could not help seeing Ned, and he stared at him in surprise, and also at the heavy load he carried. The die was cast, and as the rain was coming down faster and the moaning wind presaged a coming storm, Ned walked toward him and asked for shelter.

"Who are you, and where do you come from?" asked the man gruffly.

"I am from New York, and belong to a shooting-party that is somewhere on the other side of the creek now. I got separated from them, owing to the flatboat, yonder, floating away with me. There is a lot of game in the boat, which you are at liberty to help yourself to in return for your hospitality until the rain blows over."

"What have you got on your shoulder?"

"A box."

"It appears to be heavy."

"It is heavy."

"What's in it?"

"Specimens," said Ned, at a hazard.

"Of what?"

"Metal," replied Ned truthfully, he believed.

"Come in. You say there's game in the boat?"

"Yes."

The man went and looked. He grabbed an armful and followed Ned into the house, where another man, with a hard-looking face, sat smoking before a hot stove. The fellow looked searchingly at the visitor. He also looked curiously at the box which Ned placed on the floor against the wall. Then he looked greedily at the bunch of game which the other man tossed on the floor. The man went out into the rain and brought a second armful in and then shut the door.

"So you're from New York, are you?" he said to the boy.

"Yes. I've been down here a week with the shooting-party."

"Who are they?"

"Wall Street brokers."

The two men exchanged glances.

"Are they likely to come for shelter from the storm that's coming on?"

"I don't think so. They're on the other side of the creek and will return by the way they came."

"And what way is that?"

"I judge it is some distance above here."

The men looked at each other again.

"So that box contains specimens of metal, eh?" said the man, looking at it. "Rather odd baggage for a shooting-party to carry."

Ned made no answer, and the man motioned him toward the stove.

"Draw up a stool and warm yourself. You must be cold. You'll probably have to stay here all night, for the storm is coming up fast, and you never could make your way to the village through it with that load."

As the man spoke, a heavy gust of wind pounced down on the dwelling and shook it roughly, like a terrier might a rat that was too big for him to lift. The rain began beating heavily against the window panes facing seaward, and upon the clapboards, while it pattered down on the shingly roof like a continuous bombardment of small bullets. Ned drew a stool near the stove and sat down, while the man who had admitted him began to sort out the game.

"We'll have a feast, Collins," he said, smacking his lips at the prospect.

"Time we did," growled his companion.

"Lucky I'm something of a cook. The knack comes in handy now. Get up and help me pick some of these birds."

CHAPTER VI.—In a Tight Fix.

As soon as the birds had been denuded of their feathers, the two men adjourned to a small room beyond, fitted up as a kitchen. A fire was kindled in the stove and preparations for dinner begun.

"Dinner will be ready in a few moments," said Collins, about an hour afterward. "Want to wash your hands?"

"I'd like to."

"Go in the kitchen. You'll find a basin and water there."

Ned went there and found Scarbrow up to his eyes in business at the stove. A keg of water, with a cover, stood in a corner with a basin on it and a dipper hanging above it. A piece of yellow soap was on a shelf. Ned gave himself a wash and returned to the large room. Dinner was ready by that time and Scarbrow served it up. The birds had been stewed and were done in good shape. Boiled potatoes, bread and butter and coffee completed the repast. All hands ate heartily—the men like famished animals. The game had been a help to their larder. There was little left when the men pulled out their pipes.

"So your boss is a broker," said Scarbrow, looking at Ned through a cloud of smoke.

"Yes."

"What do you do in his office?"

Ned gave him a general idea of his duties.

"What's your boss's name?"

"Robert Tate."

"The party you came down with are all brokers?"

"Yes."

"They have plenty of money, I s'pose?"

"They're worth money, of course."

"When are you going back?"

"We were going back this evening, but as I am missing, I judge they won't."

"They're stopping at the Sportsmen's Roost?"

"Yes."

"Tain't likely anybody will start to look for you to-night. What good would it do? Suppose you were out on the marsh—how could you be found in the darkness and the gale? The weather is as thick as pea soup outside."

"The fishermen are used to all kinds of weather. My boss would pay them well."

"How much would he give?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"If I was to go to the inn and tell him you was safe here and would return in the morning when the gale let up, would he give me \$50?"

"He might give you \$10."

"What's \$10? If he sent out half a dozen men looking for you—provided they'd go—they'd want more'n \$10 apiece. No man would go out hunting for a needle in a hayrick on a night like this for \$10. Give me a note telling him to pay me \$50 and I'll go."

"I haven't any right to do that," said Ned.

The man looked disappointed.

"We're entitled to something for taking you in and treating you well," he said.

"I'll see that you are suitably rewarded."

"What do you mean by suitably rewarded?"

"Whatever Mr. Tate thinks you are entitled to."

Scarbrow smoked for a few minutes in silence.

"Do you mind opening that box and letting us see what's in it?" he said suddenly.

"I haven't the key."

"What did you carry that box on a shooting expedition for?"

"Why do you want to know that?"

"'Cause it doesn't seem natural."

He got up, went to the box and picked it up.

"It's heavy as lead," he said. "It's covered with rust, too, and the keyhole is filled with dirt."

He looked at his companion and Collins looked at him.

"Come now, young fellow, own up. You found that somewhere in the marsh," he said.

"Suppose I did, what is that to you?" said Ned desperately.

"You said it contained metal. How do you know it does?"

"I judged so from the weight."

"You mean you judged that it contained money."

"Whatever it contains belongs to me."

"Seeing what we've done for you, I think you ought to divvy up with us."

"Well, if you will go with me to the inn in the morning I'll have it opened, and if it contains money I'll give you \$50."

"Fifty dollars!" snorted Scarbrow. "There must be several thousand dollars in it. We're entitled to a thousand, at any rate."

"That's all nonsense."

"No, it isn't. You ain't got any more right to it than we have."

"Of course I have. I have every right to it, for I found it."

"Well, we want a fair share."

"You can't have it," said Ned resolutely.

"Can't, eh? What's to prevent us? Get the hatchet, Collins, and we'll open it up," said Scarbrow.

"You'll get into trouble if you tamper with it against my will."

"We'll take the chances," said Scarbrow grimly.

"You're a pair of cowards to take advantage of a boy."

Scarbrow chuckled as Collins started for the kitchen. In a few minutes he returned with the hatchet.

"If you fellows open that box and it contains money and you take any of it, I will have you both arrested as soon as I reach the village."

"Oh, you will? Then I reckon we'll have to sew your mouth up. It won't be any trouble for us to tie a stone to your feet and toss you into the bay. Nobody knows you came here. The only evidence is the boat, and we'll get rid of that," said Scarbrow, in a menacing tone. "We're going to open that box. If it contains money, we'll give you the option of dividing even or taking the consequences."

Ned was at his wits' end how to save the box. Then, like an inspiration, he remembered the revolver on the shelf behind him. The men had shown their hand in the game and he would show his. Scarbrow put the box on the edge on the floor.

"Now then, Collins, smash it, but take care not to hit my hands," he said.

Ned backed against the wall and grabbed the revolver.

"Stop!" he said, covering them with the weapon.

At that moment there came a loud knocking at the door.

CHAPTER VII.—Back in New York.

The two rascals looked up, startled both by the boy's attitude and the pounding on the door. Rage and consternation were marked on their features. They were placed between two fires—Ned with the revolver and visitors at the door. Either appeared to put a spoke in their wheel. Baffled, they sprang on their feet.

"What shall we do?" whispered Collins.

"Nothing. Go and open the door. We're dish-ed. Blame on the luck!" hissed Scarbrow.

When Collins opened the door, Ned dropped the revolver to his side. In walked Mike and two fishermen, with lanterns, clad in oilskins and dripping with water.

"Hello! So you're here?" cried Mike, on seeing Ned. "That's mighty lucky. We expected to have a long hunt for you. We came down the bay in a boat and were heading for the marsh, when we saw the light in the windows of this house and we stopped to borrow a boat-hook, not expecting to find you on this side of the creek. How did you get here?"

"In the flatboat, which carried me off from the bank and I couldn't get back," replied Ned. "I'm awfully glad you came."

"How long have you been here?"

"I got here just as it commenced to rain."

"You were lucky. So you haven't been out in the storm at all?"

"No."

"You fared better than the rest of us. We looked around for you till we got soaked, and then it grew so dark we had to give it up and head for the village. When we got to the inn we looked like drowned rats. Your boss was in a terrible stew over you, and he gave orders to have a search made at once. Hooper sent for three fishermen, and ordered me to go with them. One of the men is down at the boat."

Ned opened the door and stepped out into the night and the storm when he found Mike waiting to guide him down to the boat.

But first he stooped down and took the box under his arm.

"What have you got under your arm?" asked Mike.

"A copper box," said Ned.

"Where did you get it?"

"I found it on the other side of the creek."

"You carry it as if it was heavy."

"You can bet it's heavy."

"What's in it?"

"I couldn't tell you, but I wouldn't be surprised if it was money."

"Money!" exclaimed Mike, astonished.

"It feels like it. Money is heavy, you know. Grab hold of it and place it in the boat," as they had now reached it, with the three fishermen waiting for Mike to come back.

"Holy smoke! It's as heavy as lead!" cried Mike, when he took hold of it. "How did you come to find it?"

"I'll tell you when we reach the inn. It's too stormy to keep on talking now. I have to shout almost to make you hear me."

The boat started up the inlet, of Bay of Barnegat, and in a short time, under the lusty and experienced pull of the fishermen, they reached the landing and the party started for the village. Ned and Mike carried the box alternately, changing frequently, and finally Ned walked into the inn, none the worse after his strenuous adventures of the afternoon and evening. The brokers welcomed his appearance with acclamation, none more pleased than Mr. Tate, who had been somewhat worried over his disappearance. They had had their dinner, but the landlady was keeping Ned's warm in the oven in the hope that he would turn up in time to eat it. Ned explained how the flatboat had drifted off, and that for the lack of an oar or paddle he had been unable to overcome the action of the tide.

"What's that thing you brought in with you?" asked his employer, nodding at the copper box which Ned had deposited on a table.

"Oh, that's something I found at a place where I went aground."

"What's in it?"

"I'll tell you when I open it."

"It looks as if it's been buried somewhere a long time. Think you've got hold of a prize?"

"Yes, sir. You'll be astonished when I tell you its history."

"I shall be glad to hear it. In the meantime you'd better go in and get your dinner."

"I had something to eat, but I guess I can get

away with a little more. I'll take the box to my room first," said Ned.

After he came out of the dining-room he apologized to the brokers for disarranging their plan to return to New York that evening. They told him that he was forgiven and that it didn't make a whole lot of difference, anyway.

"We'll take the early afternoon train to-morrow, and that will do as well," said Smith.

On the following morning the tail end of the gale was still howling over the village when Ned came downstairs, but the prospect was it would soon be over. After breakfast Mike wanted to know all about the copper box.

"Will you keep it to yourself if I tell you?" said Ned.

"Sure," said Mike.

Then Ned told him about that part of his dream relating to the tree and how he had found the old tree that afternoon and discovered the box in it. Mike was astonished, and declared that the box must be full of money or something else equally valuable.

"That's my idea," said the Wall Street boy.

"Are you going to open it? I can get you some tools."

"Not till I get to New York; then I'll send you word what is in it."

Mike would have liked to get a peep into it then, and was quite disappointed. Ned took him up to his room and let him have a good look at the box as it stood.

"How much money do you think that would hold?" asked Mike.

"Not such a big lot in silver, but in gold I should say by the size and weight there might be twelve or fifteen thousand dollars," replied Ned.

"Is that all? I thought maybe there was \$50,000."

"If there was \$25,000, it would be too heavy for one person to carry."

"As you're in Wall Street, you ought to know," said Mike.

"Yes, gold is a mighty heavy metal, that's why it's more convenient for people to use paper money."

The party had an early dinner, and with several crates of game, they boarded the afternoon train when it stopped at the village station and landed in New York about six. One crate of game was presented to Ned, and he arranged to have it sent to his home. The copper box, heavy as it was, he kept personal charge of. Mr. Tate hired a cab and gave Ned a lift as far as the Brooklyn Bridge, where he got a trolley car that took him within a couple of blocks of his home, so the box gave him no great trouble. His mother and sisters gave him a royal welcome back, and after telling them what a fine time he had had out shooting with the brokers, he proceeded to tell them about his wonderful dream and its realization, so far as the box was concerned. It quite took their breath, and the old copper box, to which they had not given much attention, was now viewed with wonder and almost superstitious interest. Of course they were very anxious to learn if it really contained money. Ned told them that their curiosity would have to hold over till the next day when he intended to break it open. With that they had to be satisfied.

CHAPTER VIII.—Opening the Copper Box.

Before breakfast next morning he borrowed a small cold-chisel from the janitor of the flat house and began operations on the box. His sisters were interested observers of his efforts. The box offered such resistance that breakfast was on the table before he had made any progress. Then his two sisters who worked had to leave the house. He was unable to open the box before it was time for him to start for Wall street himself, so he had to postpone matters till he got home. He was the first at the office as usual and he picked up a Wall Street daily to see how the market was getting on. It had recovered somewhat and stocks were advancing again, though not to any great extent. Still the prospects of a good week were encouraging. Brown, the junior clerk, was mighty glad that Ned was back, for having graduated from the messenger service into the counting-room, he didn't like to be seen carrying messages for the office. The cashier, the two clerks and the stenographer asked Ned what kind of time he had had down at Barnegat, and he replied, "Bang-up!"

Business went on same as usual that day. Just before he went home, Mr. Tate asked him if he had opened the copper box.

"No, sir. I made an attempt at it this morning with a hammer and cold-chisel, but I didn't get it open. The fact was, I hated to damage the box, which is worth saving. I think I'll take it around to a locksmith and see if he can pick the lock."

"That would be the best way," said the broker.

Accordingly, on his way home, Ned looked for a locksmith's store. The nearest one was half a mile from his home, and as he didn't relish the idea of carrying the heavy box so far he asked the man to call at his house with suitable tools, describing the general appearance of the lock, which he said was over fifty years old. The man picked out sundry tools and sent his assistant, a good-sized boy, with Ned.

"That's a pretty old box," said the assistant, when Ned showed it to him. "It is all covered with rust, and the lock has sand in it. Where has it been?"

"It has been buried in the trunk of a tree for fifty years," replied Ned.

"Is that so? How did you get it?"

"I found it while I was on a hunting trip."

"Heavy, isn't it? There is probably something valuable in it—maybe money."

"You open it and we'll see what's in it. If it contains money I'll give you a dollar for opening it, independent of your boss's charge."

The boy tackled the job. It took him some time to clear the lock of the sand and particles of dirt, and even then he couldn't get them all out. Then he oiled the lock as well as he could and tried a bunch of small keys, none of which fitted the lock. He was obliged to try his pick, but the lock resisted every attempt to open it.

"I can't do any more," he said. "You'll have to break it open."

"I wanted to save it as a curiosity," said Ned. "That rust can be removed and the box made to look almost as good as new."

"That lock gets my goat. I've done all I can

with it. If it was a modern lock, I guess I could have opened it with the pick. I'll report to my boss, and if he thinks he can do any better, he'll come around later."

The assistant took his departure, leaving Ned disappointed at his failure.

"I suppose I'll have to smash it," he said. "However, I'll wait a while and see if the locksmith himself comes around."

The man appeared at half-past six just as the family was sitting down to supper. Ned took him into the kitchen and brought the box to him. He tried to pick it without success, then he tried a small skeleton key. That wouldn't do, either.

"It will have to be pried open by driving a piece of steel in at the slit above the lock. If you say so, I'll do that. That will break the catch and put the lock out of commission for good, but the box itself won't be noticeably defaced."

"Go ahead," said Ned.

He drove a wedge in near the lock and began to pry up the cover. Little by little the hinges yielded, but did not snap, as he expected they would. Finally he got the cover up far enough to enable him to get a hold on the edge. Holding the bottom with one hand, though it seemed heavy enough to hold itself down, he gave the cover a wrench. It came up with a complaining squeak and the interior was revealed, or rather the closely packed contents, the character of which was concealed under a section of an old newspaper.

"There you are," said the locksmith. "I'll oil the hinges now so the cover will work easily again."

He saturated the old-fashioned hinges well with oil, and worked it in by moving the cover up and down until it opened and shut freely. Ned made no attempt to remove the paper in his presence, but paid him his price and escorted him to the door. By that time the rest of the family were half through the meal.

"Did he get the box open?" asked Nellie Deering expectantly.

"Yes, after lots of trouble. He had to break the lock and then pry the cover up," replied Ned.

"Well, what's in the box?"

"I haven't looked yet. The contents are hidden by a piece of paper. I didn't care to make an exposure before the locksmith. After supper we'll all take a look together."

"I hope it's money," said May, the eldest sister.

"Don't forget us, brother dear, if it is," said Nellie.

"You're all good friends of mine now, aren't you?" laughed the boy.

"Sure we are. You're the finest fellow going," said Nellie.

Ned hastened to make up for lost time, and the girls waited till he finished. The whole family then adjourned to the kitchen and gathered around the table on which stood the copper box. Ned pushed up the cover, removed the paper and disclosed the picture—a painted miniature on ivory—of a lovely girl.

"Isn't she pretty!" cried May, and the other two girls gathered around her and declared that she was just too sweet for anything.

While they were thus engaged Ned pulled off

the second paper and revealed closely packed piles of bright American gold eagles.

"Look, girls!" cried Ned exultantly. "Gold—and lots of it!"

The girls looked and uttered a simultaneous chorus of "Oh's!"

Ned's dream had turned him in a regular treasure trove.

CHAPTER IX.—Ned's First Speculation.

After the excitement had cooled down, a careful count of the money showed that it amounted to \$15,650.

"And it's all yours, brother?" said Nellie.

"I don't see that any one else has a claim to any of it, except a couple of rascals I promised to send \$50 to if the box proved to contain gold," said Ned.

"A couple of rascals!" cried May, in surprise.

"Yes; they don't deserve a cent after their conduct, but I'll keep my word with them. I haven't told you about the actions of the men in the house where I took refuge from the storm after I found the box, but I'll do so now."

Ned then told them of the exciting experience he had with the men, who intended to break open the box and see what it contained. The boy put five of the \$10 pieces aside to send to Collins and Scarbrow, gave his sisters \$50 each and his mother \$400. The remaining \$50 he put in his pocket and then tied up the box in a stout piece of paper with its load of an even \$15,000. Next morning he took the box down to the office and showed it to Mr. Tate when he came in. The broker was astonished at the value of Ned's prize.

"That was a very fortunate trip for you," he said.

"Yes, sir, I should say so."

"And you found it in the tree where you dreamed you saw it put?"

"I did."

"Well, I congratulate you on its acquisition. It is a fine nest-egg for your future."

"I would like you to deposit the gold in your bank and give me your check for the amount in bills."

"I'll do it. You say there is \$15,000?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Black can count it before it is sent to the bank and see that his count tallies with mine."

"Very well. Take it to him and tell him to count it and then draw a check to your order for the sum and I will sign it."

During the morning Ned deposited the gold in the bank and drew out \$15,000 in bills. He immediately rented a safe-deposit box and put the money away in it. That afternoon he sent a postal order for \$50 to "Collins," at Carnegat, and registered the letter in which he inclosed it. On his way back to the office he met Bob Baker.

"Hello, Ned! I see you're back. What kind of a time did you have?"

"A fine time."

"I'll bet you did. I wish I'd been in your shoes."

"If you'd been in my shoes, you'd be feeling pretty gay about this time."

"Yes, it makes a chap feel better to get off work for a few days."

Bob asked for particulars of his trip, and Ned gave him an outline of the time he had, but said nothing about his dream or the money he had acquired through it. Mr. Tate told the news about the contents of the box to brokers Smith and Gage, and they were amazed, too, at the boy's luck. Smith and Gage imparted the intelligence to other brokers, and soon the news was known all around Wall Street. A reporter heard about it and visited Ned for a confirmation of the story. Ned admitted the truth of it, and the story appeared in one of the morning dailies, and was read by a million or two of people. Half the people who read it took it for a newspaper yarn, for it sounded too good to be true, notwithstanding that Ned's name and address were given in full, as well as the name of his employer, and the names of brokers Smith and Gage. Bob Baker got his first intimation of Ned's luck from the paper. He met him that day on Exchange place.

"Say, what in thunder is this story in the morning paper about you finding a box full of gold coin when you were down at Barnegat?" he asked.

"What about it?" replied Ned, with a quizzical smile.

"It gives your boss's name, and the names of the other brokers who were down on the shooting trip with you. Also an alleged interview with yourself."

"Well?"

"Is there any truth in it?"

"Don't you believe what you see in the newspapers?"

"Not everything; but you haven't answered me."

"Well, that story is true enough."

"It is?"

"Yes."

"You found a box containing \$15,000 in an old tree?"

"I did."

"Gee! Why didn't you mention it when I saw you the other day?"

"I didn't have time to tell you everything."

"But you told me lots of things not half so important as that."

"Well, you know now. Aren't you glad?"

"My! I can hardly believe it. It sounds like a fairy story."

"Well, it's a fact, for I have the money. So long! I've got to get on," and Ned started on, leaving Bob full of wonder and not quite sure but his friend had been kidding him.

That afternoon Ned noticed that A. & C. stock was rising steadily. He had been watching it for several days, having heard Broker Smith tell his boss that there was going to be a boom in it. When he got off at half-past three he went to his safe-deposit box, took out \$5,000, went around to the little bank, and put in an order for 500 shares of A. & C. at 90. Next morning, when he reached the office he found a letter in the mail addressed to himself, with the Barnegat postmark, also the registered letter receipt signed by Jack Collins, which showed that the rascal had got the \$50. The letter was from Mike Flynn. Mike said he had had a fight with his

father. His old man wanted him to cough up the tips he had received from the shooting-party, and when he wouldn't, had given him a licking.

"I'm going to run away," went on Mike. "I'm sick of the treatment I get from my old man. I've saved up about \$50 and you needn't be surprised if you see me in New York soon. Maybe you can get me a job in Wall Street. If you can't, I'll look for one somewhere else. There ain't nothing in working at the inn for \$2 a week and then have your old man collect it and spend it in liquor. I think I'm old enough now to keep the money I earn. At any rate, I'm going to branch out for myself, and I don't know of any better place to do it than New York."

"N. B.—Scarbro came here the day after you folks left and collected the \$10 your boss left with Mr. Hooper to give him. The postmaster told Hooper this morning that a money order came from New York to Jack Collins, and he paid him the money. Did you send it? No more at present. You can look for me to show up in Wall street most any time. I've got your office address and I'll call on you the first thing."

"Yours,

MIKE FLYNN.

Ned showed Mike's letter to his boss later on.

"These country boys are forever wanting to come to the city," said Mr. Tate. "Still, Mike is a bright fellow and isn't half paid for the work he does. If he comes here I'll try and get him something to do, though I don't think it will be in the Street."

That day A. & C. went up two points higher and Ned rubbed his hands, for he was \$1,000 better off thereby. During the next three or four days the stock went up to 95. On Monday morning he was returning from an errand to the Mills Building when he came face to face with a man at the corner of Exchange place and Broad street whom he recognized as Jack Collins.

"Hello!" said Collins.

"Hello!" replied Ned, not particularly glad to see him. "You got that \$50 I sent you and your friend?"

"Yes, I got it. How much money was there in the box?"

"Oh, a few thousand dollars."

"How many thousand?"

"I don't see that's it necessary to tell you."

"We ought to have had some of it."

"I don't see it. You ought to be glad that you got the \$50. Most people wouldn't have sent it to you, after the way you and Scarbro acted."

Collins scowled, and as Ned didn't care to talk with him any more, he went on. The man turned around and followed him to the office building where he worked. Then he asked one of the elevator men if Broker Tate had an office in the building, and learning that he had, he inquired the floor. Having acquired that information, he went away. Ned looked to see A. & C. go higher, but after rising half a point more it came to a stop for the rest of the day. Ned concluded that he had better sell out, and at the first chance, about half-past two, he ran up to the little bank and put in his order. The order was executed inside of fifteen minutes and the young messenger's first speculation netted him a profit of \$2,500.

CHAPTER X.—Ned Saves His Boss.

A few days after Ned collected his money from the little bank and put it in his safe-deposit box he was sitting in the office waiting to be called on for service when the door opened and in walked Mike Flynn.

"Why, hello, Mike!" said Ned, jumping up, "so you've come to New York to try your luck? Glad to see you."

"I told you I would," said Mike, shaking hands.

"Is this the first time you've been in New York?"

"Yep."

"Have any trouble in finding your way to Wall street?"

"Nope. I asked a couple of policemen and followed directions."

"I showed Mr. Tate your letter and he said country boys were always wanting to come to the city, and he was not surprised to learn you were in the same boat. He said if you came he might look up a job for you, but not in Wall Street."

"Ain't there no chance for me in Wall Street?"

"I don't know of any."

"I'd like to learn to be a messenger."

"You'd have to get acquainted with the lower part of the city before you would be considered at all for the position. And there are other necessary qualifications."

Mike looked disappointed.

"Want to see Mr. Tate? He's in his private room."

"I don't know," replied Mike doubtfully.

"I'll go in and tell him you are here."

Ned did so and the broker told him to send Mike in. While the country lad was talking to Mr. Tate, the cashier sent Ned out on an errand. When he returned he found Mike hanging around the entrance to the building, taking in some of the sights of Wall Street.

"What did Mr. Tate have to say to you?" asked Ned.

"He asked me if I intended to remain in the city, and I said I did. Then he told me if in looking for a job I was asked for reference, I could refer to him. He said he might get something for me himself, but that I had better not wait for him. He asked me where I was stopping, and I told him I wasn't stopping anywhere yet, as I had only just come to town. Then he told me I had better wait around the office till you came back and see you about where I had better put up."

"Come upstairs. I'll be off in about an hour. You can sit there till I'm ready to go, then we'll have something to eat and after that we'll go and look for a lodging for you. You can get your meals at a restaurant whenever you feel hungry."

In about twenty minutes Ned went to the bank with the day's deposits and thirty minutes later he was through for the day. He took Mike to a quick-lunch house and treated him to a meal, and then he took him up to the Mills Hotel on Bleeker street, where he registered for a week at the economical cost of \$1.05. This entitled him to a bed in a small room that was only intended to be occupied at night. There was a restaurant in the

basement of the hotel where a meal could be got at a reasonable figure. Ned told him always to take his bearings from Broadway, and then he wouldn't be likely to go astray, but if he got mixed up, an inquiry of a pedestrian, a store-keeper, or a policeman would set him right. He took Mike uptown along Broadway, and after showing him some of the town, brought him back to the hotel and left him there. Next morning Ned heard some brokers talking about D. & H. They were of the opinion that it was a good stock to get in on. One or two said they guessed they would buy some that day on a chance. Later on Ned overheard Mr. Tate advise a customer to buy D. & H. in preference to some other stock.

"I guess that stock is going up," he said to himself. "I think I'll take a try at it."

Accordingly, at the first chance he got he bought 750 shares, at 82, on margin. About one o'clock he met his friend Bob.

"Say, Ned, how would you like to make that \$15,000 of yours grow?" said Bob.

"It's growing already," replied Ned.

"You mean at interest in a bank?"

"No. I invested some of it in A. & C. the other day and made \$2,500. That's growing, isn't it?"

"I didn't know you had done any speculating. I was going to put you on to a good thing if you would pay me a percentage on your winnings."

"I'll do that any time. What's your good thing?"

"D. & H. I've got a tip that it's going up."

"You're too late with your tip. I've just made a deal for 750 shares."

"How did you get on to it?"

"Oh, I heard several people of good judgment say that it was going up, so I thought I'd risk some money on it."

"Well, you won't lose if you sell out in time. It will go up ten points, I heard."

"I hope it does," and the boys parted.

Before Ned went home he discovered that Mr. Tate had formed a pool with Smith and Gage and had bought heavily of the stock. Next morning D. & H. opened an eighth higher. By noon it had gone to 94. Just before he went home Ned got a postal card from Mike, saying he had got a job as a helper in a big paper house on Bleeker street, on the east side of Broadway. The card also contained the following news:

"Scarbro and Collins are in the city. They are stopping at the hotel. I saw them in the reading room last night. I hope they won't see me and send word to somebody in Barnegat about me. My old man might hear about it and come after me. I'm not going back for anybody."

D. & H. continued to go up, but only about a point a day. Two days after he got Mike's postal card he received a letter from him.

"I write this to tell you to keep your eyes skinned for Scarbro and Collins. They have some scheme on to try and get money out of your boss. I overheard them talking about it, but I didn't hear much of what they said. I think they intend to call at your office. I'm doing fine at the paper house. I get \$6 a week to begin. I can save money out of that."

The rest of Mike's letter referred to what he had seen of the city during the interval since Ned had seen him.

"I wonder what game those rascals are thinking of working off on Mr. Tate?" Ned thought. "They are likely to come to grief if they get too gay down here."

Two days afterward D. & H. took a jump to 92. That was as far as Ned cared to risk his deal, as he couldn't be on the job of watching it, and it required close watching now, for it was liable to drop at any moment. So he went to the bank and ordered his stock sold. Then he figured up his profit at \$7,500. That was a pretty tidy sum and made the boy worth \$25,000. When he got back to the office he found quite a bunch of customers in the room. Among them he recognized Scarbrow and Collins. Ned, after reporting his return to the cashier, walked up to the rascals.

"What do you two want here?" he asked.

"We are waiting to see Mr. Tate," said Collins.

"What do you want to see him about?"

"That's our business," said Scarbrow.

"You won't see him unless you give me an idea what your business is," replied Ned. "Mr. Tate is too busy during office hours to see visitors except on business connected with the office."

"Well, our business is connected with the office," said Scarbrow.

"In what way?"

"What right have you to ask so many questions?"

"That's what I'm here for."

"One of the clerks told us we could see Mr. Tate as soon as he was at liberty, so I don't see what you have to say about it."

At that moment the private room door opened and the broker came out with one of his best customers. The broker shook hands with the gentleman and dismissed him. As he was turning to go back, Ned stepped up to him and said:

"There are two men who insist on seeing you, sir. They are the two men at whose house I sought shelter from the storm at Barnegat that Saturday afternoon. They refuse to tell me what their business is with you."

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Tate, looking at Collins.

"We wish to see you on a private matter, sir," replied the man respectfully.

"Well, come inside," said the broker, and they followed him in, Scarbrow closing the door after him.

"I wonder what they want with Mr. Tate?" said Ned to himself, after the door had closed behind them. "It must be they are trying to persuade him to induce me to give them another and larger slice of the money I found. They have probably read the newspaper account and are disgruntled because they lost their chance to seize the bulk of it that night. I don't see how they could expect my boss to interfere in the matter. He has nothing whatever to do with it."

Five minutes elapsed and then the outer door opened and a policeman came in.

"Is Mr. Brown here?" asked the officer, of Ned.

"He is. Want to see him?"

"Yes."

Ned entered the counting-room and went to the junior clerk's desk.

"There's a cop outside who wants to see you. What have you been doing?"

"I guess he has a paper to serve on me to appear as a witness against a crook who was caught in the hallway of our flat with stolen goods in his possession. I stopped him when I saw he was a stranger, and the janitor had him arrested. The rascal had cleaned out the flat opposite to ours, and I'm the chief witness in the case, for I saw him come out of the apartments with the goods," explained Brown.

"Well, the policeman is waiting for you outside," said Ned, returning to his post.

In the meantime Scarbrow and Collins opened up their business with the broker.

"We received the \$10 you left with Hooper at the inn for sheltering your messenger boy the night of the storm," began Scarbrow. "As we consider that we saved his life, we don't think the \$10 sufficient recompense, so we have called to ask you to raise the ante."

"So that's the object of your call?" replied the broker.

"That's it."

"What do you consider your valuable services on that occasion worth?" said Mr. Tate sarcastically.

"We leave that to your generosity," said Scarbrow.

The broker didn't like their looks, and, foreseeing that they were ripe for making trouble, he concluded to temporize.

"Very well. I'll give you \$10 more," he said.

At that moment Collins saw a package of bills on the broker's desk, the upper one being a \$100 note. Scarbrow saw it, too. The cupidity of the rascals was excited.

"Ten dollars isn't enough," said Scarbrow roughly. "We want \$100, at least."

"Your demand is preposterous. I'll give you \$10. If you refuse it, you will get nothing."

"We'll take this and call it square," said Collins, snatching up the package of money.

"Drop that, you rascal, or I'll have you arrested!" cried Mr. Tate angrily. "How dare you touch that money?"

"That's the ticket, is it?" cried Collins. "Then we'll fix you!"

He flung himself on the broker and seized him by the throat. Scarbrow snatched up Mr. Tate's gold-mounted cane and raised it, with the intention of braining the trader.

"Help! help!" shouted Broker Tate, struggling desperately to escape from the attack made upon him by his two enemies. "Do you mean to kill me?"

Ned heard the rumpus in the private room and, flinging open the door, rushed in. He saw his boss in the clutches of the two rascals and had only time to thrust his arm between the descending cane and his employer's forehead when it came down with a force that paralyzed it, and a sharp pain ran all the way to his shoulder. Ned's arm was broken, but he had saved his boss.

CHAPTER XI.—A Broken Arm Brings Luck.

The policeman, after serving his paper on Brown, was about to leave when the noise of

the trouble reached his ears through the open door, and he walked in to see what was the matter. Mr. Tate was still struggling with Collins, while Ned, with his face white from the pain of his broken arm, was trying to hold Scarbrow off with his other arm. The officer speedily took a hand in the scene, grabbing Collins and pulling him away from the broker. Clerk Brown, who had followed him in, seized Scarbrow, and was having the time of his life trying to hold him. One of the customers, however, came to his aid and the rascal was secured. Broker Tate, as soon as he could speak, ordered the arrest of the men. The policeman handcuffed them together and asked Brown to telephone the police station for another officer. As the excitement began to cool down, Mr. Tate noticed Ned's condition.

"Were you hurt by that cane?" he asked the boy. "You look bad."

"I'm afraid my arm is broken," replied Ned faintly.

"Good gracious! is that so?" cried the broker, in a tone of great concern. "Here, Brown, telephone for an ambulance. We'll have the surgeon look at it."

Ned was clearly suffering a great deal, and the broker sent out for some brandy to offset the shock as much as possible. The trader helped his messenger over to the leather-covered lounge and told him to lie down.

"You probably saved my life, Ned," he said feelingly, "and I won't forget it."

The two rascals were taken to the station-house, and shortly afterward the ambulance appeared on the street and aroused considerable speculation as to what had happened in the building. A rumor went around that a customer of some broker had been ruined in the market and had tried to kill himself. Then word got around about the two men who had been taken out of the building, handcuffed together, and the report circulated that they had attacked one of the tenants and nearly killed him. A crowd gathered in front of the office building and watched to see if an injured person would be carried out and put into the ambulance. The surgeon went upstairs and was piloted to Tate's office. The broker took him into his private office and shut the door.

"My messenger boy was struck on the arm a heavy blow with this cane," he explained. "He thinks his arm is broken, and he is suffering a great deal of pain. Please see to him."

The surgeon approached Ned and looked at him.

"This is the arm, is it?" he said, lifting it gently.

Ned winced and nodded.

"Where did the blow fall?"

Ned pointed to the forearm. The surgeon proceeded to make an examination. He pulled up the sleeve of Ned's jacket, rolled up his shirt sleeve and his undershirt. It took him but a moment or two to convince himself that the bone was fractured.

"Yes, his arm is broken. I'll have to take him to the hospital where it can be properly attended to."

He opened his satchel, took out a short, flat stick and bandaged Ned's arm to it. Then seeing that the boy looked faint, he poured out some

kind of liquid into a graduated glass and told him to drink it.

"Now, young man, come along with me," he said.

"I suppose I'll have to go, Mr. Tate," said Ned, "but I hope it won't be necessary for me to stay there."

"Of course you'll have to go, Ned. I shall not expect you back to the office till your arm is well again," said the broker.

So Ned went away with the surgeon in the ambulance, and his arm was promptly attended to at the hospital. They wanted him to remain, but he insisted on going home, and promised to show up at the hospital next morning for treatment. Of course, his mother was much upset when he walked into the house with his forearm bandaged up and resting on a piece of board, supported at a right-angle across his body by a bandage that went around his neck. He explained that his arm had been broken in defense of Mr. Tate, and he told her how it had happened.

"I'll have to take another vacation now till my arm is all right again," he said.

His two sisters nearly had a fit when they came home and saw his condition. After supper a policeman called at the flat and told him to appear at the Tombs Police Court in the morning to testify against Scarbrow and Collins at their preliminary examination, and he promised to be there. The story, of course, was in the morning papers, and what Wall Street didn't learn about it the previous afternoon was known when the brokers read their various journals. Ned reported at the hospital early and was not detained long. Then he went up to Bleecker street and called at the paper house where Mike was working. Flynn hadn't read the story, and was surprised to see Ned with his arm in a sling.

"What's the matter with your arm?" he asked.

"Broken," replied Ned.

"How did it happen?"

Ned told him about the visit that Scarbrow and Collins made at the office on the previous afternoon, and their subsequent attack on Broker Tate.

"That's how I got it, and they are in a fair way to get what's coming to them."

"They are in jail."

"They certainly are. When I leave here I am going straight to the police court to testify as a witness against them."

Mike said that he liked his job, and was glad he had broken away from Barnegat.

"I'm gettin' used to the city, and I'll bet you couldn't lose me now," he said.

"I suppose your folks will miss you?"

"My old man will miss the \$2. I'd hate to have to go back and face him."

"The winter is over. It's about time he got down to work himself."

"Yep, but that \$2 will stick in his crop, just the same."

Ned bade Mike good-by, gave him his house address, and told him to come over and get acquainted with his mother and sisters on Sunday. He told him what car to take at the bridge, what street to get off at, and how far to walk to reach the flat. Mike promised to come. Then Ned went down to the courthouse on Center

street. In a short time Mr. Tate appeared, saw him, and asked him how he was.

"Pretty good, sir. The house surgeon said it was a simple fracture, and that my arm will in time be as well as ever," replied the boy.

"I'm glad to hear that. Take care of it. You mustn't report for duty until you are in good shape. Call in on Saturday for your pay," said the broker.

In a short time Scarbrow and Collins were called to the bar. They pleaded not guilty. Mr. Tate made the charge of deadly assault against them and told his story. Ned testified to what he had seen on rushing into the room, and exhibited his broken arm which had shielded the broker's head from Scarbrow's blow with the cane. The men were held in \$1,000 bail each for the action of the grand jury. Ned and his boss then took a car for Wall street and separated in front of the office building, the young messenger going on to the little bank to watch the stock quotations as they came out on the blackboard. He soon noticed that O. & H. was advancing and he watched it with interest. He went to lunch at one o'clock and on his way back he stopped in at his safe-deposit vault and drew \$5,000 out of his box. When he got back to the little bank he put it up on 500 shares of O. & H. at 85. He remained at the bank till the Exchange closed, by which time O. & H. was ruling at 86 1-2. After he visited the hospital next morning he appeared at the little bank again, which was pretty well crowded with small speculators—people who had not enough capital to patronize a regular broker. By noon O. & H. was up to 90.

"I'm sorry I didn't go in on a thousand shares," thought Ned. "I'd stand to win double if I had."

When Ned went to lunch he passed a bunch of brokers outside of the Exchange. They were talking about O. & H., and Ned heard one of them say he had a pocketful of selling orders on the stock. Ned took that as a hint to sell himself, and he put in his order to that effect when he got back to the bank. The stock was then going at 91 3-8, and his profit on the deal footed up \$3,000. Next day Ned dropped in to see Broker Smith. The trader was glad to see him, praised him for his plucky conduct in saving his employer from a knockout blow, and asked him how his arm was getting on. He didn't stay long, as a visitor was announced. As he walked out he heard the visitor say to Smith:

"I've got a tip on L. & M. It's a sure winner. Why—"

That's all Ned heard, but it was enough for him. The little bank owed him \$8,000. He got \$7,000 more from his box, and with the combined sums put in an order for 1,500 shares of L. & M. at the market, which then was 98. On his way to lunch that day he met Bob sailing down Broad street.

"What's your hurry, Bob? You look as if you were running for a doctor," he said.

"You look as if you'd just come from one. How's your arm?"

"Coming on. I'm going to get a card printed with the word 'fine' on it in large type."

"What for?"

"To save my breath. Everybody I know, when they meet me, asks me how my arm is. It's getting monotonous answering the same old

question. It will be ever so much easier to pull out the card and show it."

"Great scheme," grinned Bob; "but I'm in a rush."

"Where are you bound?"

"Staten Island ferry."

"Going over to the island?"

"Yes. I hate to ride on those ferryboats."

"Why so?"

"Because I'm sure to make a slip, and because they make me cross—the water."

With a chuckle Bob went on his way. Next day was Saturday, and at noon Ned appeared at the office. He was received with acclamation by the cashier, clerks and stenographer.

"How's your arm?" asked Brown.

Ned pulled out a large-sized business card and handed it to him.

"What's this?" asked Brown, looking at the word "Fine."

"The answer to your question," replied Ned.

The stenographer asked him the same question and he handed her a card, too. She saw the point right away and laughed heartily. He gave away four of the cards in the counting-room. Then he got his pay envelope. He went in to see Mr. Tate.

"You're looking pretty good, Ned. How's your arm?"

The boy produced a card.

"What's this?" asked the broker, a bit puzzled.

Ned explained, and Tate thought it a good joke. On Monday L. & M. went to 101, and every day went higher, till it reached 113 and a fraction on Saturday morning. With \$22,500 in sight, Ned concluded it would be wise to sell, and he did. That made him worth \$50,000. And he owed his financial standing to the money that had come to him through his dream at Barnegat.

CHAPTER XII.—After the Last Dollar.

At length Ned's arm was out of the sling, but it was still tender, and Mr. Tate advised him to stay away another week. The young messenger was doing so well, financially, away from the office that he was in no hurry to resume his duties. In the excitement of speculating in the market he did not realize the magnitude of the sum he was worth. Had it amounted to twice as much, he would not have given it particular thought. On Tuesday, when Ned dropped into the office, Mr. Tate told him Broker Gage had been inquiring about him.

"Why don't you run over and see him?" he said.

"I'll go over now before I forget it," said Ned.

Ten minutes later he walked into Gage's office. The office boy said the broker was in but engaged with a caller.

"All right. I'll wait," said Ned.

As he sat down he saw a card on the floor. He picked it up and began scribbling on it. After a while he turned it over to figure on that side and saw that there was writing on it. He looked at the writing and saw the following:

"Dear Ben:

"I've just had it from an inside source that

there will be a boom in Dakota Copper. It's going at a fraction under five now. Get in with both feet and you'll stand to more than double your money.

Yours,
"JACK."

The card bore the date of the day after. It looked like a good tip and Ned shoved the card into his pocket.

"Hello, Ned!" said Broker Gage. "Come in!"

Ned went in with him and they had a short talk together.

"Your arm is pretty near well, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, I'm glad to say."

"Then I suppose you'll soon be on your job once more?"

"Next Monday, if nothing happens to prevent me."

They talked a few minutes longer, then Ned said he wouldn't take up any more of his time.

"Well, call again," said Gage. "I'll be glad to see you any time."

Ned took his leave and went down to the Curb market. He saw a broker there he was acquainted with, and the trader asked him how his arm was.

"I read in the paper a while ago that you had it broken in saving your employer from being knocked on the head by a rascal who attacked him in his office."

"That's true. It's nearly well again. Say, how are the copper stocks?"

"How? They're holding their own all right at present."

"What do you think of Dakota Copper?"

"It's a good stock for the money."

"What is it going at?"

"About \$5."

"I heard that some syndicate was going to boom it."

"I don't see any indication of it," laughed the Curb trader.

"You might see it later on."

"That's right."

"If you learned from a good source that there was going to be a boom in it, I suppose you'd buy it on speculation, wouldn't you?"

"I'd consider the matter. Has somebody been giving you the tip?"

"I don't know anybody who would be likely to do that," replied Ned evasively. "Still I have an idea that Dakota Copper is going up soon."

"Well, I wouldn't advise you to back your idea with money unless you had the real knowledge behind it, and that few people are likely to get on the outside."

Ned hung around the Curb for a while and then went up to his office. Mr. Tate was out, so he went on to the little bank. After lunch he went back to the office and went in to see Mr. Tate.

"Can you tell me anything about Dakota Copper?" Ned asked his boss. "What's its record, and is it a good stock for a man to buy?"

The broker got out a book containing Curb transactions for some months past and looked up Dakota Copper. At no time had it been so low as it was at present. Its usual figure was above \$6, and a fair average was \$8. The records of the past week showed that it had dropped, little by little, from \$7.75 to its present price. Having

learned what he wanted to know, Ned took his departure. He knew that when any stock was going to be boomed by interested parties they generally, as a preliminary measure, tried to depress it first as low as it could be forced down, in order to get it as cheap as possible. Dakota Copper looked as if it had been undergoing that process, which fact gave the tip he had picked up an air of truth. After considering the matter well, he decided that it would be safe to buy the stock anyway on account of its low price, even without figuring on the possibility of a boom in it.

It was pretty certain to go back to its average price in time, anyway. By buying the stock outright he could hold it as long as he cared to, and the chances were he'd make \$2 or \$3 a share.

"I might as well use my money that way as to keep it idle," he thought.

Having decided to buy, he put an order in to the little bank for 5,000 shares at the market price. The stock would cost him about \$25,000, and he didn't see how he could lose by the deal unless the bottom dropped out of the stock, which was not likely. The bank's representative secured the stock in small lots, and finally, toward the end of the week, the certificates, made out in his name, were delivered to Ned, and he paid the bank its commission. On Monday Ned resumed his job at the office, but he watched the copper quotations every day. Dakota Copper went down to \$4.50 and then rose to \$5.50. By Saturday it was up to \$6.25.

"I guess I didn't make any mistake in buying that stock," he said to himself. "I'm over \$6,000 ahead so far."

During the forepart of the next week Dakota Copper rose by degrees to \$8, and attracted some attention on the Curb. It attracted more attention next day when it went to \$9.50. That being higher than its customary price, there was a lot of buying orders in evidence. The people who never get in on a stock till it has gone up were the ones who were after it now. And they are the lambs who generally get left and wonder why afterward. The only safe way is to pick out a good stock and watch it. Buy when it is low and hold on for a rise. The problem, however, is to tell when to sell to the best advantage. To do that successfully requires the gift of second sight. Ned had no idea how high Dakota Copper would go, even on a boom, which was the condition of affairs now. During the rest of the week it went up to \$12, and the papers were all speaking about the rise and giving all sorts of reasons for it. At that figure Ned stood to win \$35,000, and he debated about selling out. It was as likely to drop four or five points as not at any moment, and every point meant a difference of \$5,000 in his profits. Holding on for the last dollar is usually fatal, for no one can say when the last dollar is in sight. Ned's judgment advised him to sell, but the desire to make all he could persuaded him to hold on. While he fluctuated in his purpose, the stock kept on going up and hit \$13 on Monday noon. While out on an errand he stopped at the Curb and saw his friend, the broker.

"Well, how is Dakota Copper?" he asked.

"Booming," was the reply.

"I told you two weeks ago that I had an idea it was going to rise."

"So you did. How did you guess it?"

"I had a tip on it."

"Who from?"

"I couldn't tell you. The party is unknown to me."

"And he gave you that tip?"

"No, he didn't give it to me, but to a friend of his. I learned about it, though."

"You were listening to his talk?"

"No. I got it in another way, quite accidentally."

"It hasn't done you much good, I guess," laughed the trader.

Ned didn't say whether it had or not, and after some further talk walked on. When the market closed that day Dakota Copper was up to \$13.50. Next day it went to \$14. Still Ned hung on, though he felt he was a fool for doing so.

"I'll sell to-morrow. I've no right to hold on for the last dollar."

Next morning Dakota Copper began to drop. Ned heard two brokers in the office talking about it, and they said the market was going to smash.

"I feel sorry for those fools who hold on for the last dollar," said one of them. "They always get pinched, and it serves them right."

His words put Ned in a panic. He grabbed his hat and, forgetting to ask permission to leave the office in a busy part of the day, he made a bee-line for the little bank and ordered his copper stock sold right away. Ned's lucky star saved his bacon on that occasion. Dakota Copper had dropped two points, and was practically on the run, when other copper interests, seeing their own properties threatened, came to the rescue and prevented a slump that would have precipitated a general panic in copper. Ned's shares went in 500 lots for an average of \$12, and he cleared \$35,000, but, nevertheless, he got the scare of his young life, and he registered a resolve then and there never to go after the last dollar again. Had he known how narrow was the margin by which he had escaped the wiping out of the bulk of his profits, he would have sworn to be twice as careful in the future. As it was, only his quickness saved him, for Dakota Copper went down steadily that day and the next, too, though there was no panic, until it reached \$6, where it stopped. When he got a settlement from the bank he found he was now worth \$85,000. It was some time before he tackled the stock market again, for the shock he received gave his speculative tendencies a temporary setback. During this interval he was called before the grand jury with his boss, and the jury found an indictment against Scarbrow and Collins. In the course of a month the men were tried, convicted and sent to Sing Sing for a term of years, and they only got what they deserved.

CHAPTER XIII.—A Slump on the Market.

It was during the first week in June that Ned, having gotten bravely over his last dollar scare, began to feel the speculative itch again. He had been keeping track of the market right along, and had noticed that J. & C., a very good stock,

had gone below its normal value. Why it had slumped away he didn't know, and it was certain that no syndicate had depressed it with the view to a rise, for it remained down some time. One morning he heard two brokers talking with his boss about the stock. They said that they could not see why it ran so low in the market, and they believed it was time that it recovered. It wasn't long after that when J. & C. rose a couple of points, and a few days afterward one more. Then it was that Ned decided on taking a shy at it. He bought 4,000 shares on margin, at 102. It was about this time that Ned made the acquaintance of a young school teacher named Jessie Wood. She was a very pretty girl, and as nice as she was pretty. Ned was quite attracted to her, and the feeling seemed to be mutual. She had only been teaching since the previous September, and was the youngest school ma'am, by some months, in the department. There was a familiar look about her face that puzzled Ned. It seemed as if he had met her before, but this could not have been the case.

"I guess I must have met somebody else who looked like her," he thought.

She lived with her mother and a brother in a Harlem flat, and the young messenger received an invitation to call and meet her mother. He called and spent a pleasant evening. When he got up to go his eye rested on an oil painting on the wall of a handsome lady of perhaps forty. Ned stared at the picture.

"I've seen that lady somewhere," he said.

"You are mistaken," said Jessie, with a smile. "That is my grandmother."

"Your grandmother!"

"Yes. That picture represents her as she looked thirty years ago. She has been dead nearly twenty years."

"Well, I've seen somebody that was almost her image. And you look very like her."

"That's what everybody says. She was my father's mother."

"I have a pretty good memory of persons whom I have met, but I can't place the person who resembled your grandmother, and, incidentally, yourself. It doesn't seem so long ago, either, since I saw that person. Nevertheless, I am at sea about it."

Ned left, greatly puzzled over the matter. Two weeks passed away and J. & C. did not advance any higher. It fluctuated between 100 1-8 and 102, which meant that Ned ran behind in his deal. He was disappointed in the stock, for he had figured that it would go up four or five points anyway. While he was on the ragged edge, a boom suddenly developed in A. & S. The stock went up like wildfire and had the Exchange in an uproar of excitement. Ned watched it regretfully, sorry he was not interested in it. Of course, there was nothing to prevent him buying some of it, for he still had \$45,000 in his safe-deposit box, but he was afraid to tackle it after it had gone up ten or twelve points. The boom, however, had a good effect on all other good stock, and J. & C. advanced several points in sympathy. Ned discovered that his boss was interested in A. & S., with Smith and Gage.

Whenever he went to the Exchange, Mr. Tate and his two friends were always hovering around the fringe of the A. & S. crowd. Every day the

excitement grew tenser as the boom continued. Brokers who seldom speculated caught the fever of the hour, and thousands of shares continually changed hands. Finally A. & S. had gone up 25 points, and many outside speculators, who had bought at the first of the rise and sold then, made wads of money, and some of them captured small fortunes. It was at this stage of the game that Ned was sent to Jersey City to deliver a package of stock to a brokerage firm. On the way back he was standing with his back against an automobile, viewing the receding Jersey City slip, when his ears were arrested by the conversation of the two men in the vehicle. They were big bear traders and were on their way to their offices in the Wall Street district. Ned heard them discussing the final arrangements of a big bear raid that was to be launched that afternoon, an hour before the Exchange closed. They named over many of the persons they were associated with, and Ned heard the names of several of the wealthiest and most powerful men in Wall Street. This combine had been following the movements of the syndicate that was booming A. & S., laid their plans to scoop it, and only waited the moment when the syndicate had begun to cash in for profits. That time had now arrived, and their plan of operations was such that there was small doubt but they would be able to swamp the syndicate by a combined attack on the market price. A panic would result, A. & S. go on the toboggan, and the bear combine stood to win millions. Ned listened to all the two men said, and he felt that there was going to be trouble for the syndicate and everybody else who held A. & S. when the bear combine got busy. He knew that his boss and Brokers Smith and Gage were still holding on. He intended to warn Mr. Tate right away. He also knew that a slump in A. & S. would cause a fall in the whole line of stocks. J. & C. was now ruling at 110, so Ned determined that the first thing he would do would be to get out himself.

As soon as he reached Wall street he rushed up to the little bank and ordered his stock sold. The blackboard showed that it was ruling at 110 3-8, and he was certain of making \$32,000 out of his deal. Then he dashed down to the Exchange and asked for Mr. Tate. The messenger's entrance was crowded with boys after various brokers on the floor, and it was some minutes before he could get hold of an employee whose duty it was to bring the person wanted to the railing. Then it took nearly fifteen minutes before Tate was reached. He came over, expecting that Ned had a note for him.

"I want to see you in private, sir," said the boy earnestly.

The broker saw that something unusual was up, and he told Ned to make his way to the corridor outside of the brokers' waiting room. Generally brokers were passing and repassing here all the time, but now it was quite deserted, for the interest was centered in the board-room.

"What is it, Ned?" asked his boss.

"I want to tell you some important news, sir. You are in on A. & S. with Mr. Smith, and Mr. Gage, and you are all in great danger of getting caught unless you sell right away."

Some brokers would have resented such a speech from their office boy, but not so Tate. Whatever Ned said to him was all right, for the

boy never took advantage of his employer's friendship in an unseemly way. Broker Tate smiled.

"How do you know this?" he asked incredulously.

Then Ned told him what he overheard on the ferryboat, mentioning the names of the big bear operators who were in the combine. Before Ned had finished his story it was clear that Tate was much impressed.

"I'm much obliged to you, Ned, for bringing me this news. I have no doubt but it is very important. I will attend to the matter."

He hurried away and the boy returned to the office. At half-past one Ned was at the little bank again.

"I suppose my stock was sold all right?" he said to the cashier. "I left my order here two hours ago."

"It must have been sold long ago. However, if you are anxious to know, I'll look it up."

"I wish you would."

In a little while the cashier returned and told him that it had been sold at 110 3-8.

"The bank owes me \$70,000 on the deal. Now I'd like to put \$50,000 of it up on a short sale of A. & S. I want you to sell 5,000 shares for me at the market."

"All right. We won't collect our money until to-morrow so as to settle with you, but as it's safe, we'll execute your order on the strength of what is coming to you."

So the deal was made and Ned sold the 5,000 shares of A. & S. he didn't own, and would have to buy in later to make good, but as he was depending on the bear raid to bring about a slump, which he regarded as certain, he did not feel that he was taking any extraordinary chances. At ten minutes after two that afternoon the bear combine jumped on A. & S. with both feet. The attack took the syndicate that was supporting the stock by surprise, and swept it off its feet. Pandemonium set in and such excitement as developed beggars description. The floor of the Exchange resembled the playground of a lunatic asylum where the patients had suddenly become violently aggressive. Hats were smashed, clothes torn, neckties disarranged and many of the traders were reduced to wrecks. A. & S. went to pieces, and all the other stocks declined in sympathy. From 150 A. & S. dropped, by jumps, down to 135, where it was when the clock struck three and the Exchange closed for the day. As Ned had sold the 5,000 shares at 149 3-8, his profit by the decline was so far \$70,000. This, with what he had realized on his J. & C. sale, represented a clear profit of \$100,000 for the day. He was making money fast.

CHAPTER XIV.—Flynn, Sr., Visits New York.

The papers that night were full of the slump of A. & S., and printed graphic accounts of the excitement in Wall Street. Next morning's papers also devoted much space to the matter. Before ten o'clock the streets around the Exchange were crowded with excited brokers and speculators. When business opened, the slump continued for a while, but was arrested by a combination

of bulls, who rushed to the aid of the market. Ned was at the Exchange when he saw the tide turning, and before he went back to the office he ran up to the little bank and ordered 5,000 shares of A. & S. purchased to cover his short sale. The purchase was made at 135, and thus he captured the \$70,000 he had made on paper the afternoon before. Mr. Tate called Ned into his office that day soon after the arrival of Smith and Gage. He told the boy that he and his friends were indebted to him for being able to get out of the market before the slump set in.

Thus they cleared a large profit on their combined deal. They had decided that he was entitled to a substantial evidence of their appreciation, and had chipped in \$5,000 each for that purpose.

"I therefore take pleasure in presenting you with my check for \$15,000," concluded Mr. Tate. "You can add it to the \$15,000 you made through your dream down in Barnegat."

"Thank you, sir. I really don't need the money, but I will accept it from you, for they say it isn't lucky to refuse money," replied Ned.

The brokers laughed at what they took to be a humorous remark on his part, never dreaming that their little contribution to the boy's finances made him worth over \$200,000. Ned thanked Smith and Gage for their part of the present and bowed himself out of the room, chuckling at the thought of the sensation he would have created had he told the three brokers how much he was really worth. In a few days the excitement over A. & S. quieted down. The lambs who had been cleaned out retired to mourn their loss, while those who had lost heavily at first but managed to hold on till the stock recovered a few points, licked their financial wounds and hoped for better luck next time. Mike Flynn had been over to see Ned, and had made the acquaintance of his mother and sisters. Contact with city people had gradually rubbed away much of his country roughness, and he was no longer regarded as a hayseeder. He had saved his money, and what with the \$65 he brought with him he was now worth something over \$100.

"You haven't held any communication with your folks, I suppose?" said Ned to him one day when they met.

"Not much," replied Mike. "I don't want my old man to get on my track."

"I don't blame you. You have got a good start now and your father might spoil it, for as long as you are under age he has the legal right to control your actions," said Ned.

"If I sent him the money I am saving he wouldn't do anything, but I'm not such a fool. I'd like to let my mother know where I am and how well I'm doing, but I don't dare."

"Suppose I send her word without going into particulars?" suggested Ned. "Your father probably is satisfied that you came to the city, but he knows it would be like looking for a needle in a haystack to try and hunt you up. I could tell your mother that you are working and getting on fine, without giving her a hint of where you are located."

"Well, do it," said Mike, and he gave Ned his mother's name.

Next day Ned wrote and sent the letter. Four days afterward, on returning from an errand, he

found a rough-looking, sunburned man in the office waiting to see him.

"You are Ned Deering?" he said, in an aggressive tone.

"That's my name."

"Well, my name is Flynn. I want you to tell me where my son Mike is working. You wrote a letter to my wife saying he was workin' and doin' fine. I want to see him."

"What for—to take him back to Barnegat?"

"Never mind what for. Tell me where I can find him, that's all I want from you."

"Mike told me not to tell."

"Oh, he did, eh? Wait till I lay hands on him and I'll knock the hide off him!" cried Flynn, senior, aggressively.

"That's what he's afraid of, so he doesn't want to see you."

"Well, I want to see him. Where is he working?"

"You won't find out from me."

"Do you mean to say you won't tell me?" roared Flynn.

"That's just what I have told you."

"Look here, you young swab," cried the fisherman, seizing Ned by the arm, "if you don't tell me, there'll be trouble."

"And if you don't take your hand off me there'll be trouble for you. You forget that you're in New York, and here you can't do as you please. If you want your son, go find him."

Flynn glared at Ned, and finding the boy quite resolute, he let go of him.

"I'll find him if he's in Wall Street," he snarled.

"All right. Go hunt for him. The exercise will do you good."

"I'd like to have you aboard my boat for ten minutes!" growled the fisherman.

"What would you do if you did have me on board your boat?"

"I'd give you a rope's ending."

"And then I'd have you arrested and put in jail. Don't forget there is law in New Jersey as well as elsewhere."

"Bah!" snorted Flynn. "Look here, I'll give you a dollar if you tell me where my son is workin'."

"No, sir, I wouldn't tell you if you offered me a thousand dollars."

"All right. I'll find him, and when I do——"

"Look here, Mr. Flynn, your son is in a good position. He couldn't pick up one like it every day. Why do you want to spoil his chances? You ought to be pleased that he is getting on."

"I want him home."

"Barnegat is no place for a boy who wants to get ahead. All he made at the inn was \$2 a week and a few tips."

"What is he earning now?"

"Six dollars, but it costs him most of that to live. When he gets a raise, as he will, after he stays there a while, he'll be able to save something. Probably he will send that to his mother."

"Did he say he would?" said Flynn, senior, with a look of interest.

"No, he didn't tell me so, but I have an idea that is his intention."

"When will he get raised?"

"After he has been there a few months—maybe about Thanksgiving or Christmas."

The fisherman seemed to consider the matter. "Well, if he agrees to send his extra money to us he can stay here as long as he wants to," said Flynn, looking at Ned.

"I'll tell him what you said if you'll agree to go right back and leave him alone."

"I'll do it," said the fisherman, who figured that his chances of finding his son in New York without directions was rather poor, "but you can also tell him that if he doesn't send us his raise, which I'll look for around Thanksgiving or Christmas, I'll come after him again and then I'll see that I find him."

With those words he went away, apparently with the intention of going back to Barnegat, where he would be busy all summer and fall in his boat. After he got off that day, Ned went up to the paper warehouse and told Mike about the visit of his father at the office.

"I was afraid he'd come, though he ought to be too busy to leave his vessel," said Mike. "I'll bet he's dead sore on me."

"He wasn't in a very sweet temper. However, I guess I managed to sidetrack him."

Ned told him all that passed between him and Mr. Flynn, and Mike grinned hugely.

"Perhaps I'll send the old woman a dollar a week when I get a raise, but that is all I will send, for the old man is sure to get it out of her. Still, she gets the bulge on him in summer, for she makes him turn over all he earns, otherwise there wouldn't be anythin' to eat in the house durin' winter, when the old man is idle."

Mike was satisfied that his father wouldn't come to the city again for several months, and he told Ned he was a brick for putting him off so well. Ned said he was glad to do him a favor and, shaking hands with him, started for home.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

That evening Ned opened the copper box to put something into it and removed the hand-painted miniature of the lovely young woman he kept in it. Before replacing it, he took a look at it. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, for he almost thought he was looking at the picture of the little school teacher, Jessie Wood.

"Can it be that Jessie Wood is a descendant of this lovely young woman?" he asked himself, in some excitement. "If so, I may be able to trace the ownership of the \$15,650 which I found."

Full of this idea, Ned visited the Woods on the following evening. After a short talk with the girl, he said:

"I have found the clue at last to the resemblance you bear a person I have seen, not in life but in a portrait painted on ivory."

"I should like to see that picture," she said.

"You shall. I have brought it with me to show you."

The moment the girl's eyes rested on it she uttered a little cry.

"It is my grandmother when she was a girl!"

"How do you know that?" asked Ned eagerly.

Instead of answering him, she jumped up and ran out of the room with the miniature in her

hand. In a few minutes she came back with her mother.

"Mr. Deering," said Mrs. Wood, "will you tell us how you came to get this portrait? It is the painting of my late husband's mother, painted immediately before her marriage. See, I have opened the back and there is her name, 'Marie,' written by herself. Her husband, Reginald Wood, always carried this picture with him. Six months after their marriage important business called Mr. Wood to South America. The last word my husband's mother ever heard from him was that he would shortly sail for New York in the ship Esmeralda, which was lost."

"Now I will tell my story, Mrs. Wood," said Ned, "and you'll allow that it is little short of marvelous. You asked me how I came in possession of that picture? I will tell you. I was nineteen years old last month, and yet I can truthfully say that I saw the ship Esmeralda go ashore on Barnegat Beach, though that tragic event happened fifty years ago last March. Further, I know that one person alone escaped from that wreck and that person I now know to have been Reginald Wood. I saw him as plainly as I see you both. If I saw a picture of him I'd recognize it in a moment."

Mrs. Wood rose without a word and left the room. She presently returned with a small miniature which she handed to Ned. The boy recognized the face in a moment.

"Yes, that is the face I saw in my dream."

Then Ned told every particular of his dream to Jessie and her mother.

"And you saw my grandfather, after reaching the shore alive, killed by that man—that wreck-er?" cried Jessie.

"Yes. Then I saw him hide the box in a hollow tree, but the wrath of Heaven was over the scoundrel, for within an hour he was killed himself by a piece of wreckage cast out of the sea."

"He deserved his fate."

"He truly did. The box remained in that tree until I found it."

"You found it!" exclaimed mother and daughter.

"Yes. It contained \$15,650 in golden eagles, and that miniature. Believing that the money was mine by right of finding, I used the money to speculate with, and have won a fortune. Now, Miss Wood, that I know the money belonged to your grandfather, it will give me great pleasure to turn over to you the \$15,650."

It was eleven o'clock before Ned left the Wood flat to return home, and when he went he had won his way into the hearts of both mother and daughter. The next day he returned with the money. Reader, my story is finished. Only one interesting thing remains, and that the reader will perhaps have foreseen as the end has worked out—the marriage of Ned and Jessie one year later.

Next week's issue will contain "FRESH FROM THE WEST; or, THE LAD WHO MADE GOOD IN NEW YORK."

CURRENT NEWS

A GEOLOGICAL FREAK

One of the most remarkable geological freaks in Mexico is a mountain situated on the outskirts of Pachuca which represents the appearance at a distance of being covered with spikes. The sides of the mountain are closely studded with stone columns or palisades. These columns are five to twelve feet long and as large around as an average man's body. It is a remarkable uplift of nature, which has the appearance, however, of being the handiwork of human beings. One side of the mountain is almost perpendicular and the stone columns protrude from the surface at right angles, and form an impressive picture. The stone is as hard as flint and has withstood the elements for ages. The spikes form a natural battlement that makes the mountain appear from a distance like some ancient fort.

TALLEST MAN

Ralph E. Madson, said to be the tallest man in America, experienced difficulty in finding a lodging place when he reached Detroit.

Detroit hotels neglected to arrange sleeping quarters for men of 7 feet 6 inches, so when Madson applied for a bed he insisted he must have one without footboards. About eighteen inches of Madson's lower extremities necessarily must overreach the end of the bed to make sleeping comfortable, he says.

There are advantages and disadvantages in being so tall," Madson said. "Sleeping on trains is not so comfortable, but give me a bed without footboards and I make up for lost time."

Madson has just passed his twenty-third birthday anniversary. He weighs 230 pounds.

Madson was born on a ranch in Ranger, Tex. He was six feet tall at the age of twelve years.

BONUS FOR HIDDEN RIFLES

Dr. Peters, the new German Commissioner for Civilian Disarmament, has announced a premium of 100 marks for every rifle voluntarily surrendered between September 5 and October 1. The premium will be reduced to half that amount during the following three weeks, when amnesty will be granted for ten days, during which the holders of weapons may prove their legitimate origin.

The commissioner also will use moving pictures to stimulate interest in the collection of hidden weapons. He admits the nature of his task precludes the adoption of coercive measures, as he is dependent on public good will. He warns citizens, however, that in addition to turning in arms they are obliged to report the whereabouts of weapons illegally possessed.

HOW THE FRENCH SAVE

What becomes of old sardine boxes, tomato cans and cans of all kinds? In France, where nothing is allowed to go to waste, they gather them up and use them—to cut into tin soldiers. In France, too, the old boots and shoes are collected

and every part is used over again. The work is mostly done by convicts in prisons. They take the boots and shoes to pieces and soak them; then the uppers are cut over into children's shoes, or, if they are too far gone for that, a peculiar kind of pressed leather is made by some chemical action. The nails are saved and sold, and the scraps go to the farms to fertilize the soil. Who would have thought it possible to make anything out of old saws? Yet it is said that many of the finest surgical instruments and some of those used by engineers are manufactured from the steel that first did duty in saws, the quality being fine.

SHOT PICKING UP APPLES

Two apples which Nick Taratolakis, of Salamanca, an employee in construction work in Rock City, near Allegany, picked up in the orchard of Mrs. Blossom Dort, who lives near the rock cut, may cost the man his right leg.

Taratolakis is in the Mountain Clinic here, the bone of his leg shattered by a rifle bullet. Mrs. Dort, authorities said, will be charged with the shooting. The workmen, it was said, left work to get some apples in the Dort orchard. He had picked two, it was reported, when Mrs. Dort, rifle in hands, appeared on the porch of her home. He offered to pay for the apples, Mrs. Dort admitted, but she told Sheriff Raymond T. Mallery she intended to break up the practice of the workmen making free with her fruit. Taratolakis started to run toward Allegany when Mrs. Dort demanded he accompany her to the police station. She fired when he refused.

SINGING SANDS

The singing sands of Lake Michigan are discussed in Science by Mr. W. D. Richardson, who advances a new hypothesis on the subject. The sands in question are found everywhere near the water's edge throughout the dune region, which borders nearly the whole eastern side of the lake from Gary to Mackinac. The characteristic sound is heard when one walks in the sand or pushes a stick or other object through it, but only when the sand is dry. The sound-producing sands only extend back from the water as far as the line of driftwood, indicating the boundary reached by waves during storms; beyond this limit sand having exactly the same appearance, microscopic as well as macroscopic, produces no sound. The writer suggests that periodical wetting by the water of the lake deposits a thin film of salts, including calcium and magnesium carbonates, upon the grains of sand. This film creates considerable friction when the grains are rubbed together and thus causes the sound, the effect being similar to that of rosin on a violin bow. When the sand is carried farther inland by the wind to form the dunes, much of the salt film is rubbed off, and leaching by rain subsequently completes its removal; hence the sands cease to be "musical."

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIV. (continued)

The head, arms and shoulders had already escaped from the ice when the first cave in occurred. And now the whole slid noiselessly forward and dropped with a sullen plunge into the dark under world stream below.

The girl sank back horrified. But Hawley bestirred himself further to see what they were entering upon.

The transverse cave led upward to the left. But where these bodies lay it was wide and flat, and still partially roofed with ice.

The sides and bottom were of rock and earth, still coated with thick ice in which the bodies were buried.

All this while they could hear the far-off roar from the top of Erebus, and the area of the water on the right increased. The whole internal mountainside must have gradually heated through in order to produce such an effect.

Hawley began picking with his ice ax at the ice which still held those imprisoned forms.

"Don't, Joe," said the girl, still shuddering at this close contact with death. "Let the poor things rest in peace."

"You sit down and watch the eruption going on above. But I must examine these corpses. This is in a region probably never before visited by men, except these poor fellows and ourselves. It is an unwritten law, in such places, to investigate everything in contingencies like this where we find ourselves."

"I believe you are right, Joe. You are always right, when we are in great straits like this. I'll help you throw the ice off."

"All right. Who knows? Perhaps we may find something that will help us, for we are, in a measure, lost up here ourselves."

While Joe dug and released the frozen forms, Madge cleared away the loose ice, and presently they had the small area where the bodies were and the signs of a former fire pretty well cleared.

A piece of ice dropped as the girl was throwing loose chunks over into the stream below.

Among the shattered fragments she picked up an old-fashioned, clumsy lead pencil, such as were made by hand years and years ago, before the introduction of machinery in their manufacture.

There was also an old-fashioned pocket knife open.

Almost immediately following this discovery Hawley, in turning over one of the bodies that had a gold-braided sleeve protruding from a heavy over-garment of fur, wool lined, found a book, an old style diary, seal bound, such as our grandfathers once used. Even the heavy strap binding its leaves within the covers was there. The

book had fallen from the fingers of this corpse, who had doubtless also owned the stubby pencil.

"This may be a prize, Madge," giving it to her. "See what you can make of it, while I finish this job of excavating. Poor fellows! They may have lain here for years and years."

One by one he released the silent figures from their long durance in these icy bonds and laid them side by side.

Two looked like common sailors, but the third, under his polar outside garb, still wore the undress coat of a ship's officer. Gold braid on the sleeves and collar and other signs proclaimed him to be above the others in rank and station.

Suppressing his natural repugnance, Hawley resolutely searched all three, and also the immediate surroundings. There was a pocket-book on the officer, containing coins of gold and silver and also some papers, much dilapidated yet decipherable.

While the money was that of Holland, the writing in the diary and on the papers was in English.

The paper in the pocket seemed to be a commission, as lieutenant, in favor of one James White, of the U. S. Navy.

Here Hawley became greatly interested.

"I can't see where he came from, or what ship or other place was his hailing point. Do you see anything in that diary, Madge?"

The girl was so interested that she seemed to have forgotten her strange surroundings. At Hawley's query she looked up. He could see tears in her eyes as she replied:

"Listen, Joe. How pitiful it all sounds to us. Yes. It's in good English."

The light from the top of Erebus enabled them to read clearly. Ordinarily the sun, even in summer, hangs very low in that latitude, but the eruption shed a vast circle of weird light for miles around. Madge read from the diary, the sealskin covers of which doubtless had kept the contents intact.

"March 20, 185—. On the side of an unknown mountain, that seems to be volcanic from the signs from the summit."

"That's so. Erebus, or indeed this Antarctic continent were not then known to mankind." Joe interrupting himself, signed to Madge to go on.

"We are finally lost beyond all hope and freezing to death. Our last obtainable fuel is on the fire. We will die and be forgotten. Three of my companions are about gone. Two are already dead, from hunger more than from cold or exposure."

"But before I die I wish to state who we are and why we are here. If any one should find this, perhaps our fate may be known. Should they be in need, it may be our supplies, from which we are cut off by this impassable crevasse, may help them."

"Anton Rupens, Johan Varter, Peter Gunn and myself, James White, second lieutenant U. S. Navy, detailed for three years on the ship Dolphin in the South Seas, are either dead or dying here in this inhospitable place, after many days being lost in this terrible wilderness of cold, storms and desolation."

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

MATERIALS USED IN BANK NOTES

The materials that go to make up American paper money are gathered together from all parts of the world. Part of the paper fiber is linen rags from the Orient. The silk comes from China or Italy. The blue ink is made from German or Canadian cobalt. The black ink is made from Niagara Falls acetylene gas smoke, and most of the green ink is green color mixed in white zinc sulphite made in Germany. The red color in the seal is obtained from a pigment imported from Central America.

DROWNED IN HER BATHTUB

Investigation by Dr. Howard W. Neall, Deputy Medical Examiner for Queens, disclosed that Mrs. Edith Baker, forty-five, a widow of No. 1219 Cedar Avenue, Richmond Hill, N. Y., was drowned while taking a bath at her home the other evening. The body was discovered by one of her sons. She had been dead an hour. The body was about half an inch below the surface of the water. The boy said his mother had heart disease, and it was thought at first death was due to that ailment. Dr. Neall has decided, however, that Mrs. Baker was drowned, and that probably overcome by heart failure, she slid down into the tub so that the water covered her head.

KILL MOUNTAIN LION

A mountain lion invaded the farm house of C. J. Cann near Battle Mountain, Nev., according to Arthur Lamb, a Battle Mountain rancher, who was in Reno recently. The lion approached the house about midnight and attempted to gain entrance through a window, breaking several panes of glass. Cann was awakened by the noise and seized a chair, knocking the animal down. The lion attempted to jump again, but was again beaten back. Cann's wife then secured his rifle and on the next attempt the lion was killed. It was small in size and the body will be sent to the State Hygienic Laboratory here in order that a test for rabies may be performed.

CAMELS THRIVE ON LEAVES

In Australia the offspring of the camel, owing, no doubt, to the climate suiting its characteristics better even than that of the land of its origin, are more hardy than their parents.

The camel has great ability to withstand fatigue, lives on a minimum amount of water and carries heavy loads, five hundredweight being no exceptional burden for him to bear for many miles without tiring. In the districts in which the camel is used it is not an uncommon sight to see one of those animals harnessed to a car and being driven in exactly the same way as a horse.

Camels do not thrive on rich grass, but grow fat on dead leaves from the gum tree, spinifex or porcupine grass and mulga. These seem to be great delicacies, and the more thorny the better they are appreciated.

SHIP RAMS WHALE

The Philadelphia, of the American Line, was 800 miles off the Irish coast when something suddenly impeded her progress. It took many minutes of investigation before it was discovered that her yachtlike prow had run into a 50-foot whale and pierced him like a butcher's cleaver. The vessel had to stop and reverse her engines to free the bow of the whale's body. The dead animal then sank and the ship continued her run.

Ten happy young women debarked when the Philadelphia arrived from Southampton and Cherbourg. They had been touring the battle fronts and other points of interest for a month as winners in a popularity contest held by the Minneapolis Star. The vessel had a total of 873 passengers, including Samuel P. Davis and A. P. Lane, on the American pistol team at the Olympic games.

TEAMS VERSUS MOTOR TRUCKS

An interesting comparison has been made in a recent number of the Oklahoma Highway Bulletin with regard to teams versus motor trucks in the hauling of road building materials. A road contractor while doing state aid road work of hauling crushed stone, employed seven teams, seven drivers and one 3½-ton motor truck. The seven teams had each hauled three loads of 1½ yards per day, a total of 4½ yards daily. By motor truck he hauled 33 yards each day. Figuring the cost of each team and driver at \$7.25, the total amount was \$50.75 per day for seven teams. The 3½-ton motor truck actually hauled more material each day than the seven teams. The operating expenses of the motor truck figured to \$18.40 per day, thereby effecting a daily saving of \$32.85. The distance of the haul was 4½ miles each way, or a total of 9 miles.

PREHISTORIC VILLAGE DUG UP

Important archaeological discoveries have just been made near Valencia, where a rich find of neolithic urns, utensils and arms has just been uncovered at Jumilla. The excavating was done under the guidance of the Spanish Academy of History, whose announcement says that the objects found are most important from an archaeological standpoint. Many stone knives were dug up, as well as highly ornamental hatchets and stone jars.

Bones of men and women of the stone age also were uncovered. The direction in which these bones lay indicated that the dead were buried facing the east.

Prof. Rafael Altamira of the Oviedo University, has just made a study of the collection and the spot where the objects and bones were found, and has expressed the belief that the place was formerly a village and on the shore of a lake which long ago disappeared.

SAVED BY LOVE

By JOHN SHERMAN

"Beshrew me, Leonardo, but our journey is a perilous one."

"Santa Brigida, yes, Luigi, but think of the glory."

"Nay—nay, comrades; think of the reward, the golden piasters that shall be ours when these rats are exterminated."

"Ah, Francisco, yours is the only practical head among us. But hark! what sound is that? A signal, methinks."

"I care not for signals, but, Madonna, what a bewitching face!"

"Where, Luigi?"

"Just there, by those bowlders. Ah, Leonardo, mio, I could fall in love with that face and now it is gone."

"Diablo, a spy, no doubt; guard your tongues, comrades, or Carnaro will scent us out long before we reach his mountain den."

"Practical again, Francisco. Never fear, Chico has informed us too well and has laid his plans too deeply."

"Think you, Leonardo, that the banditti will not penetrate his disguise?"

"Suspect a poor piper? Corpo di Baccho, no. The old boy himself would not."

"'Tis well then. Forward, my men!"

The speakers were at the head of a large body of soldiers and were proceeding into the mountains around Naples, that beautiful city, for the purpose of ridding the neighborhood of one of the most daring and accomplished brigands of modern times.

Many a time had a price been set upon the head of Captain Carnaro, but till now no one had been found brave enough to claim it.

A man was found who for a consideration would betray the bandit chief, and a party was at once made up and started in pursuit.

Chico, a lazzarone, who had once been caught by Carnaro's men, and had escaped after joining the band and learning many of its secrets was now disguised as a piper on his way to the stronghold of the robbers leaving in his track numerous signals for the party of soldiers by which they could note his progress and success.

As night came on and the full moon threw its silver rays over the magnificent bay, whose beauty is world renowned, the soldiers paused on the top of a high bluff, from which they could see the city and the bay reposing in silence.

Luigi and Leonardo had long ago ceased to converse and walked side by side just behind Francisco, who communed with himself and said nothing.

Let us go on ahead of the soldiers and visit the object of their pursuit.

In a small rock-built cavern, hung with gorgeous draperies and lighted by a single suspended lamp, sat Guiseppe Carnaro, the bandit, upon a soft couch covered with sheep skins, holding in his hand a cup of pure gold containing a draught of the noted Cyprus wine.

Near him stood a small table covered with a dark cloth, the hem of which was delicately em-

broidered, denoting that the deft fingers of a woman had been at work there.

There seemed to be no outlet to this room, but suddenly Carnaro's meditations were broken, and he looked up as the bright hangings in one corner were swept aside and a tall, divinely formed, exquisitely beautiful Italian girl hastily entered.

"Fly, Guiseppe, while there is yet time! The soldiers are on your track. I overheard them below, and this time they are on the right road."

"Say you so?" responded the brigand, sipping his wine, but betraying no emotion whatever.

"Yes, and they must be close at hand. Chico has betrayed us!"

"Maledizzone! the low hound, the groveling cur, who bites the hand that feeds him. Th e ingrate! He shall pay for this!"

"Guiseppe, be calm!"

"He shall be torn limb from limb, and his entrails thrown to the dogs. He shall suffer all the toments I can invent for him. Nothing shall be too bad. Oh, the viper, the wolf, the jackal. Corpo di Baccho!"

In his rage the bandit threw down the golden up, and started up, paced wildly to and fro, clenching his fist, feeling his stiletto and grinding his teeth. He was at length attracted by the young girl beside him.

"There's yet time to escape. I have two fleet horses made ready. Leave this life. I have gold. Fly with me to France, or Spain, or America, where we may live in happiness. Think no more of this life."

"What, Bianca! and leave my brave comrades to perish?"

"They are doomed; nothing can save them. Even now, I fear, we are surrounded. Do not refuse me. By the love you bear me I implore you to fly."

"No—no! Ask it not by that or I yield."

"By all the vows thou hast made, by all the sweet words thou hast given me, by thy hallowed kisses——"

"Tempt me not, Bianca! I cannot withstand it!"

And, breaking from her, he rushed out of the cavern and hastily made his way to the common apartment of the band.

Nearly all of them were drinking, and the jugs, bottles and decanters were kept busily circulating from one to another. Rude jests and boisterous laughter resounded on all sides, and at every fresh drink the noise increased.

In the center of the group was a piper, clad in a rough sheepskin jacket, cloth breeches and round hat. He was entertaining the company and was in the midst of a bacchanalian ditty when the door burst open and Carnaro entered.

"Ha! Already? I feared as much. Beppo, seize that cur and bind him. He is a cursed spy!"

"A spy!" burst from the lips of the brigands as they paused in their orgies.

Chico, for he it was, was at once seized by a brawny brigand called Beppo, who appeared to be the second in command.

"Dog of a lazzarone!" hissed the brigand chief, striding up to the spy with his poniard drawn, his eyes flashing fire and his fists clenched. "What should prevent me from striking you dead this instant!"

"I am no spy, excellency."

"Thou liest! Dare you deny that you are Chico, whom I once befriended?"

At this challenge the man's face paled for an instant, and lost the air of injured innocence that it had previously assumed.

"Ho, there, Coletta, Baptista, Giovanni, strip the scoundrel and see if the blood-red dagger, the emblem of our band, is not upon his arm!"

The luckless Chico was stripped in an instant and there, upon the fleshy part of his right arm, was indelibly marked a red dagger, the sign which every member of the band was marked with.

"What would you do with a man who would give you up to the soldiers?"

"Kill him!" yelled all with one accord, the drunkenness of them becoming instantly sobered.

The man was seized and was being dragged from the room despite his agonized cries, when Carnaro interposed.

"Stay. I will give you a chance for your life. I am not all devil. How many are there of the carabinieri?"

"Five hundred, excellency, and close at hand. They only await this signal!"

With a dexterous movement he disengaged his hands, and seizing the shrillest-toned of his pipes blew one particularly long and loud note upon it, and sprang for the barred window.

Before a hand could stop him he had torn down the fastenings and dashed open the shutters, and the next instant the astonished bandits were startled by the appearance of armed troops at this and other windows and at the door, which was thrown rudely open.

"Shoot down the dogs if one attempts to escape!" shouted Francisco.

A dozen brigands made a rush for Chico and were met by a withering fire from the soldiers, but not before their poniards had clashed together in the traitor's heart.

He fell without a groan, but his body was covered by those of four of his murderers.

Valiantly the brigands fought, there could be but one outcome to the conflict, as they were outnumbered. One by one they fell around their gallant leader. At last the soldiers made a rush at him from all sides, but just as they were closing in upon him he suddenly and in a twinkling disappeared from their sight right through the floor. Those who reached the spot first saw a trap slide quickly and heard the click of a bolt and a mocking laugh in a woman's voice. That was all and their victim had escaped! Carnaro knew of the trap and had himself planned it. He was met by Bianca, who had planned this method of saving him, and she hurriedly dragged him away through a dark and winding passage despite his resistance.

"They have fired the cabins and have surrounded all. There is no other escape. It were madness to attempt to face such odds."

"But, Bianca, what will they think?"

"There will be none left to think, thanks to that villain Chico." In a few moments they stood at the entrance of a small cavern opening out upon a bluff, and the cool breeze blew upon their heated cheeks. Bianca gave a whistle and

two noble steeds trotted up to her and rubbed their soft noses against her rounded shoulder.

"Bianca, what have you not dared? And for what?"

"All for the love of thee, Guiseppe. I could have dared a hundredfold more for thy sake. Love for thee would make me brave a thousand dangers that thy life be spared."

"How can I leave my brave men to die alone, when perhaps I might save them?"

"Thou canst not. Ha! do you hear that shout? They have torn open the trap-door and are on our track. "Mount—mount in haste and let the horse have the rein; he knows where I would have him go."

The woman stooped, and producing a flint and steel, set fire to a mass of tow in her hand. This she threw upon the end of a train of gunpowder, which, carefully covered by dry, loose stones, had not been scattered, and then forcing Carnaro to mount sprang lightly upon the other horse and darted down the path calling upon her comrade's steed to follow.

"What have you done, Bianca?"

"Taken steps to render their life on this earth shorter and their entrance into Heaven quicker. They ought to thank me for it. Hark!"

A dull sound broke upon their ears, and, looking back, Carnaro saw a sheet of flame shoot upward, followed by a cloud of white smoke. The train had done its work.

"Quick! There is even yet danger to be feared. Take this turning, not that."

"That leads directly to Naples."

"I know it, but my brother's vessel is at anchor in the bay, and a boat from it will be waiting for us on the beach."

"How do you know?"

"I bespoke it this morning."

"Did you then know of the intended attack of the soldiers?"

"No, but my mind was made up to entice thee away from thy rough life, to induce thee to live honestly, that thou mightest die peacefully in thy bed and not by the hand of the assassin or the soldier."

"And thou hast planned all this?"

"Aye, and more would I have done for love of thee, Guiseppe, whom men call the bloody. Thou hast ever been kind to me, dearest."

They arrive at Naples. The two enter a boat; it is pulled swiftly out to where the white sail of a yacht is shining in the moonbeams, and they are taken on board. The anchor is raised and the little vessel skims over the moonlit sea.

Years afterward an aged couple living in the south of France passed away from this life almost at the same time. They were people of moderate wealth, had many children, and were greatly beloved and respected. No one knew that the white-haired, fine-looking old gentleman was the once famous Neapolitan brigand, Carnaro, nor that his wife was the woman whose love had saved him from an ignominious death.

The band was indeed exterminated and Francisco and the rest received their reward, but the world from that time forth heard no more of the renowned brigand so wonderfully saved by love!

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1920.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

TROOPS ON MEXICAN BORDER

There are 22,807 officers and enlisted men of the U. S. Army on duty in the Mexican border districts, distributed, 5,755 in Arizona, 1,511 at Eagle Pass, 903 at Laredo, 8,162 at El Paso, 2,554 at Brownsville, 1,671 at Big Bend and 2,251 at two posts in California and other stations. Camp Travis, Texas, the permanent station of the 2d Division, although comparatively near the international boundary, is not considered a border station. Cavalry troops, of course, predominate on the border, and with infantry troops compose approximately two-thirds of the forces. The Quartermaster Corps has nearly 2,000 officers and men and the Field Artillery upwards of 1,200.

FARMER FIGHTS OFF BULL

By gouging his fingers deep into a bull's eyes as the animal repeatedly sought to gore him as he lay prostrate on the ground, Howard Richardson, thirty-two, who lives with his wife on a farm east of Victor, N. Y., succeeded in staving off the animal's attacks this afternoon until his brother-in-law, Charles Lovejoy, obtained a rifle and killed the animal.

The bull was the property of Herman Steffenhagen. The bull and some other cattle broke into one of Richardson's fields. Richardson started to drive them out when the bull charged, throwing him to the ground and stamping upon him. Richardson was badly lacerated but is expected to recover.

THE RABBIT SKIDS

There are a lot of fellows with high-speed motor cars who have undertaken the little job of running down a jackrabbit. They have been successful only when they got to crowding the rabbit too close and he dodged back and got caught under the wheels. Ordinarily the rabbit can make the dodge back and be a mile away and just loping along by the time the car is turned around. The rabbit is quite a dodger when it comes to getting away. He seems to skid his wheels and then put on a sort of sideslip. Motor car drivers have often actually run down coyotes

and sometimes they are able to run down an antelope, but they seldom run down a jackrabbit. Motorcycle riders often try the same sport. It is quite exhilarating, but seldom produces results.

Any one traveling on the Kansas railroads will notice that there always is a nice, smooth path right along the edge of the ties on the track. Any railroad man will tell you that the reason for that nice little smooth track is a speedway for the jackrabbits. Many engineers regularly race with the rabbits every morning or evening. The rabbits come up on the track and sit in the middle until the train is about twenty feet away. Then the rabbit gives one jump and lands, going fast, right in the path, and the train and rabbit are off at an even start for a race. The rabbit may run out of wind and quit to take a rest, but he never lets that train get up even with him. Any one with real sporting blood should ride the cowcatchers of the fast trains early in the morning or evening and see those races. Only the engineer and fireman and an occasional bum ever get to see the real sport.

LAUGHS

Mamma—Edith, can you tell me what "faith" is? **Edith** (aged six)—Oh, yes; it's believing what you know isn't the truth.

Husband—Everything in this house is out of place. Been having an earthquake? **Wife**—I've been putting things in order.

"If madame will pardon me, this suit does not match her complexion as well as the other." "The suit is all right. I want it to match a bull pup."

A little girl went with her aunt to see a brand-new baby, and when she came home she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, the baby cried until it bent its face all over!"

Pittsburg Man—What would you folks do if a mob of rioters should come charging down Broadway? **New Yorker** (busily)—Start a policeman to shooting at a dog.

"Why, is it," queried the fair widow, "that they always say a man 'pines' for a woman?" "I suppose," growled the fussy bachelor, "it's because pine is about the softest wood there is."

"I suppose you wouldn't believe," said the manager, "that it cost me \$25,000 to raise the curtain on this show?" "I do," replied the critic. "I'm surprised that they let you do it even for that price."

He—Do you still feel angry with me? **She**—I despise you! I abhor you! I hate you! **He**—Then perhaps you'd better break your engagement to accompany me to the opera. **She**—Oh, I don't hate you so much as that.

"If you are looking for bargains," said the broker, "I can suit you. I can offer you some stocks at ten cents a share." "But why are they so cheap?" demanded the lady shopper. "You see, they have been slightly damaged by water."

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

MOTH LIKE A BIG BIRD

To gain some idea of the splendor of some of the world's moths and butterflies, one should glance over nearly complete collections of them from the tropics, to be found in the United States National Museum. There is a superb series that comes from Africa, wherein the "tails" to the hinder pair of wings are more than eight inches in length. Then we have the gorgeous Atlas moth of the East Indies that measures a foot across from tip to tip of its upper wings.

RESCUES WOMAN IN RAPIDS

Miss Matilda Schoenert, of Philadelphia, was rescued from the whirlpool rapids at Niagara Falls by Gordon W. Dunn, of Montreal, who was severely cut in the rescue. They were among the passengers on a Gorge route trolley that was blocked at the edge of the whirlpool rapids by a fallen rock. The passengers got out of the car and were walking on the brink of the river. The girl fell over the slight embankment some fifteen feet into the river, but caught and clung to a rock.

Dunn saw her danger and vaulted the embankment. He landed on a slight beach of rocks and cut himself severely on hands and head. Getting to his feet he seized the girl. Help was quickly at hand and the pair were taken back to Niagara Falls. The girl is still suffering from shock.

WHAT MAKES A COLD GLASS CRACK IF WE PUT HOT WATER INTO IT?

Hot water will not always cause a cold glass to crack, but is very apt to, especially a thick glass. The very thin glass will not crack. The test tubes used by chemists are made of very thin glass and will not crack when hot liquids are poured into them.

When a glass cracks after you have poured a hot liquid into it, it does so because as soon as the hot liquid is put in the particles of glass which form the inside of the glass become heated and expand. They begin to do this before the particles which form the outside of the glass become heated, and in their efforts to expand the inside particles of glass literally break away from the particles which form the outside, causing the crack. The same thing happens if you put cold water into a hot glass, excepting in this instance the inside particles of the glass contract before the particles which form the outside of the glass have had time to become cool and do likewise.

HOW THE WORM GETS INTO THE NUT

Where did the worm in the hazelnut come from? That question has puzzled many a boy. The worm is the larva of a strange looking insect known as the hazelnut weevil, an insect that belongs to the same family as the much dreaded boll-weevil, which is periodically so destructive

to the farmer's grain, says the Popular Science Monthly.

The insect is provided with a long, slender proboscis, or snout, at the extremity of which is a peculiar hook-like appendage. In the late summer, while the nut is still green and tender, the mother weevil goes in search of a place to lay her egg. Instinct has taught the mother weevil that no better place could be found for her egg than the inside of a hazelnut, for there lies safety for her egg and food for her offspring. So the mother weevil begins to peck away with her queer looking snout, and in due time she has made a tiny tunnel to the centre of the nut. Then she lays an egg, poking it well down into the tunnel with her snout.

In a short time nature closes the opening and the egg lies safely within, finally hatching into a little white grub. The grub finds food aplenty and grows fat and rotund.

When the food is all gone and he is full grown, the baby weevil gnaws his way out of the hazelnut that has sheltered him and is ready for the second step in his development, that all-important step which will transform him into a weevil exactly like his mother.

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GOOD READING

MORE TEACHERS THAN JOBS

The supply of teachers in Kansas this year will be greater than any time since before the war, it was said recently at the office of Miss Lorraine Wooster, state superintendent. The inquiries coming in from teachers are far greater than the inquiries coming from boards seeking teachers, it was said.

AN EAGER RECRUIT

An illustration of the attraction which the Army has for ambitious young Americans of good character is afforded by the case of Web Patterson, whose home is at Roseclare, Ill., as recorded in the Register-Gazette, of Rockford, Ill. Patterson, who has just reached his eighteenth year, has been waiting two years for the opportunity to enlist in the service. Being without railroad fare he walked forty-two miles to the nearest Army recruiting station, at Harrisburg, Ill., where he told Lieut. Archie D. Alley, 53d Inf., U. S. A., in charge of the office, of his desire to wear the uniform. He was quickly accepted and enlisted, sent to Camp Grant and assigned to the 3d Field Artillery. Illustrations in the newspaper show Patterson in his ragged clothes as he presented himself at the recruiting office and in uniform, standing at attention two hours later. Private Patterson evidently possesses the stuff of which soldiers are made.

LIKE MERRY-GO-ROUND

In spite of the improved traffic regulations for which New York is noted and perhaps because of the necessary delays occurring through congested streets, new methods of safety for foot passengers are constantly being devised. Two methods that have been proposed are the rotary turntable and the moving underground passageway. Both have been described and illustrated by Edwin F. Linder in Science and Invention.

The rotary turntable is a sort of underground merry-go-round. A large circular platform rotates about a centre post, which is geared to the driving mechanism and connected to an electric motor. The platform is reached from the sidewalks by stairway or moving incline. Going down to the lower level by one of these the pedestrian steps aboard at once, as the edge of the platform travels slowly, close to the corner station. He steps off as easily as soon as the electrically lighted sign warns him that he has arrived at such and such avenue or street.

The other device is a moving platform under the street, electrically lighted and operated. This platform would carry the people below the street and across to another incline, operating upward to an exit similarly situated on the opposite side. This type of conveyor would serve most efficiently by the construction of eight moving endless chain platforms, placed in pairs, each working in opposite directions. The four street corners are thus connected by these sub-surface passages and as the platforms are kept in motion continually by the electric motors which drive

them there would be no delay in getting quickly to the other side of the crossing. At the same time the surface street would be freed for the use of motor cars, etc.

MICA MINING

Mica is one of the things, like jute, for which for certain purposes no satisfactory substitute has been discovered, and although it is not, like jute, an Indian monopoly, more than half the world's supply of the mineral comes from this country. In India it is very widely distributed, but the tracts in which it is found in plates of sufficient size to have a marketable value are few and strictly defined.

Mica in more recent years has been mined in the Nellor district of Madras, but the main deposit is in a belt about eight miles long and twelve broad which lies in the northern part of the Hazaribagh district and stretches into the adjoining districts of Gaya and Monghyr. The main centre for the industry is at Koderma, in the Hazaribagh district.

Mica does not occur in thick seams like coal, but in small deposits, or "books," and a mica mine or quarry presents the appearance of a huge rabbit warren, the workers burrowing from "book" to "book" by passages that are sometimes just sufficient to admit a small boy. In most cases very primitive methods are used, the lower levels of the mine being reached by roughly made bamboo ladders and the excavated material being passed hand over hand from one coolie to another. The bailing out of water is done in the same way by the use of buckets. and during three months in the monsoon operations may be suspended altogether, the mica being under water.

Mica has been extensively used in the native arts of India from time immemorial. The powdered mica is used in calico printing and by washermen to give a sparkle to cloth. It is a substitute for glass in lanterns and the material out of which "unbreakable" lamp chimneys are manufactured. It fills the peepholes of furnaces and is used for windows in cases where glass would break in being exposed to extremes of heat or to concussion. It is a glazing material for pottery, for pictures and for the backs of mirrors. Indian artists have used it largely for paintings.

Mica also has a high reputation in Indian medicine. It is used as a finely ground powder, either by itself or in combination with other drugs; it is said to be a tonic. Indian medicine classifies nearly all drugs and articles of diet into two groups—the "heating" and the "cooling"—and mica is said to be the most efficacious of all the drugs in the latter class. It is said that some Indian practitioners have a secret means of dissolving mica, but this is doubtful. Such solvent would be a great discovery, for it would mean that mica could be used for the manufacture of unbreakable tumblers and decanters.

WEAR PLUMES OF BIRD OF PARADISE

New Guinea is the home of a large percentage of the world's birds of paradise, writes Niksah. The supply of these beautiful birds is fast failing. Not only do the women of Europe and America demand feathers for their bonnets, but the natives of New Guinea and surrounding islands make lavish use of the plumage as head dresses.

In New Guinea it is the man who affects bird-of-paradise decorations. The women, like the female bird of paradise, are inconspicuous in dull colors.

To obtain the much prized feathers the New Guinea natives set out for the forest, knowing that the bird of paradise seeks to conceal his rainbow hues in the dense foliage of the trees.

If they can find no haunt of the desired birds they start calling in excellent imitation of the shrill, ugly cry of the bird of paradise to its mate. This ruse is usually successful, and a bird shows itself only to be snared or shot down with arrows.

In mating season the male bird dances before the female he desires as a mate, to display his beautiful feathers, and at such a time so absorbed are the birds in their own affairs that large numbers are taken easily by the wily natives.

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This venerable sage, highly respected among the Cherokees for his mysterious knowledge, told me that he could put something upon my scalp to make the hair grow.

Although lacking in faith, I permitted him to make the test. He rubbed a little ointment from a stone jar upon my head. He gave me some of this peculiar pomade and told me to put some on, twice daily.

To my extreme pleasure, a light down soon appeared upon the bald part and this developed gradually into a growth of hair. The hair grew stead-

ily. I was soon able to brush it—then to comb it.

Never has my hair ceased growing healthily since the old Cherokee savant gave me that ointment. I am 66 years old and go to the barber's for a hair cut each month.

From the Indian wizard I obtained the recipe for this cosmetic and had it modernized by an expert chemist so that a druggist can supply it.

If you have dandruff, or if your hair is becoming thin, or is falling out, or if you are bald, you had better try this wonderful ointment and I shall be pleased to mail you the recipe free of cost if you write to me. Tell this to your friends—men and women. My address is: John Hart Brittain, BD-103, 150 East Thirty-second St., New York City. If you would like a proof box of the ointment, enclose 10 cents, silver or stamps.

Now you understand why you see no bald Indians. They know what to do to keep a good hair growth.

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 118 East 28th Street, New York City, or 8 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

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GOVERNMENT "YEGGS" TEST BANK VAULTS

Government experts are emulating the "Jimmy Valentines" of the underworld at the Bureau of Standards in their effort to decide upon the type of vault to be selected for Federal Reserve Board deposits. A number of vaults, embodying the latest anti-burglar ideas, have been completed, and tests are now under way to determine if they are sufficiently "proof" to be entrusted with the millions of dollars which the board distributes among members of the Reserve System.

The specimen vaults are of concrete, reinforced with various materials guaranteed to discourage the most patient drill pusher. In some of them sheets of case-hardened steel have been inserted between layers of concrete, while iron rails, arranged in tiers, have been placed in others. A quantity of hard glass is to be tested in one vault, the opinion having been expressed that this material will dull the sharpest drill, while fusing before an oxyacetylene torch.

Dynamite and the more strenuous "soups" will be used by the Government experts, as well as every mechanical method yet put forward by the masked cult.

DRAWS WONDERFUL PICTURE OF CHRIST

On a Sunday morning in March, 1917, while he was in the County Jail at San Bernardino, awaiting trial, Ramon Garcia, ex-convict, drew upon the steel wall of his box-like cell a picture of Christ on the Cross.

John N. Hilliard tells us that, "With the stub of an old pencil borrowed from an accommodating jailer—genius has ever made use of the first tool that comes to hand—he fashioned a remarkable picture.

"And straightway certain events outside of the established order happened. Like concentric rings upon the face of the water the fame of it spread, crossing the Sierras of the Snows, going beyond the Rockies, eventually reaching the Atlantic hinterland.

"The man who had pencilled the picture on the steel wall had long since gone to prison, but the cell he had occupied in the County Jail had become a veritable shrine. And the town of San Bernardino had become a place of great pilgrimage."

Eventually the sentence of the thrice-convicted felon was commuted and already the young Mexican has begun to make good.



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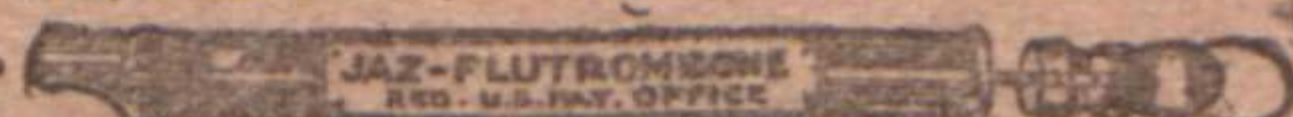
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